DIFFERENT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 73. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 26TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.

Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

2. Your Comfort.

Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

3. Your Pocket.

WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

COPYRIGHT.

SPECIAL "MODERN MAN" OFFER!

MAR. 26.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells on FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each—equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

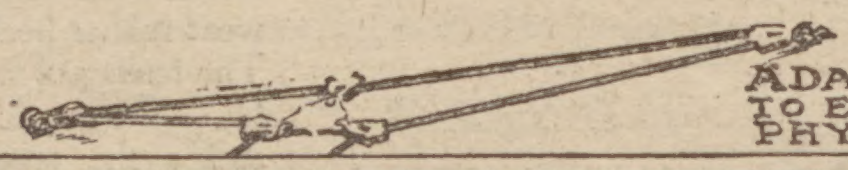
		Suitable for age
Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	...12/6	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	...10/6	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	...10/6	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.



ADAPTABLE TO EVERY PHYSIQUE

"HEALTH & STRENGTH" EXERCISER & DEVELOPER

NOW is Your Opportunity!

No matter what your position is you can by means of very easy payments be the immediate owner of the now world-famous "Health & Strength" Developer.

The following is the plan on which the Exerciser is supplied:—There are two strengths—Ordinary & Athletes'. On receipt of 2/6 and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/3, the Ordinary Strength Developer will be sent by return of post. (*See Coupon*). For Athletes' Strength a first payment of 3/- and a promise to pay three monthly payments of 2/9 and the Developer will be sent at once. (*See Coupon.*)

Some FACTS about the "Health & Strength" Developer.

(1) It is entirely free from complication, being a single strand of India-rubber.
(2) It can be used as a Wrist-Grip Machine, Chest Expander, Weight lifter, and Ordinary Developer.
(3) An advantage of this machine is that the user is not only exercising by pulling against the rubber, but also against his own muscles as well.
(4) It is so fitted that it may be used by members of both sexes as well as children with equal facility.
(5) The "H. & S." Developer has been specially designed by the Editor of "Health & Strength," and completely does away with all the objections offered to the ordinary Exerciser of this kind.

Specially recommended to Boxers by Young Josephs, Gunner Moir, and many other famous champions.

W. BROADFIELD, Eastleigh, Hants, writes: "I received the Developer quite safely and am very pleased with it."

MAURICE LANGHAM, Hulme, Manchester, writes:—"I am very pleased and quite satisfied with the Developer and its results which have been most gratifying. I will recommend the same to all my friends."

W. R. PEACOCK, Pentonville Road, King's Cross:—"Developer to hand. I am perfectly satisfied with it and thank you for your prompt attention."

Hundreds of other testimonials have been received.

Each Exerciser is accompanied by a Chart of 20 different exercises, all specially selected and invented by the Editor of "H. & S."

Special Offer.—This chart will be carefully marked with special curative exercises by our Correspondence Superintendent if the purchaser states his wishes when sending order.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To The Athletic Appliance Co.,
Covent House, Burleigh Street,
Strand, W.C.

Please send me "Health & Strength" Exerciser and Developer ..... Strength. I enclose herewith 2/6 (3/-) and agree to pay three further instalment of 2/3 (2/9), one in a month from date, and second in two months, and the last in three months. You agree to send me the Developer at once, post free, and I agree not to sell it until I have completed the payments.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Strike out words not wanted.
Write very plainly. Cross all P.O.'s.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 73. WEEK ENDING MARCH 26TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THIS SUMMER.

THE ADVANTAGES OF LOOKING AHEAD.

This summer is going to be the best that ever was. Every new summer is going to be just the same—the best. You are going to get out of it more than you have ever got out of any previous summer. Your enjoyment is going to be something that will put all other summers and all previous enjoyments into the shade.

What you are going to do, precisely, is not of much consequence: the thing is that you are going to get out of your own hours the last drop of satisfaction. And at the end of it all you are going to be able to look back on it all and say to yourself, as you recall each day: "I didn't waste an hour."

The spring sun, coming out in an interval between east winds and April showers, will stimulate your imagination, and you will lose half the pleasure of life if you do not at once let yourself go and promise yourself a good time between now and the end of next September.

Well, if you really want to carry out those resolutions thoroughly, you had better begin now. In the few remaining week-ends that you will probably spend in town, do not waste the hours in footling round.

Get to work on your tackle. If you're a walker and the heaths of Hindhead or the by-paths of Leith Hill call to you, get your boots into working order and walking order.

There is great art in bringing your boots just up to their prime condition when you are about to give them their severest test. They should not be worn until they are too easy; nor should they be left aside to be broken in on the hills. Get the newness out of them first, then give them a rest, and return to them again a few days before your long walks. They will still give support, and they will also be easy.

If you mean to cycle see that all your outfit is in good condition. It is not enough to see the bicycle standing in the spare room every day. It probably wants adjusting in a hundred different ways after the rest you may have given it in the winter.

If cricket is your hobby, do not depend for your games on casual friends. Join your club, pay your subscription, and get to work now.

So much more than you think depends on the start you make and how you make it. If you put off the first run, or the first walk, or the first game, until you think the weather is warm enough, you will get left; and those who have the arranging of teams and the organisation of sporting events in general, will give you a wide berth as a lukewarm member.

It is useless to wait on the English climate, and the man who does so will neither sow nor reap. But by a little careful sowing of plans just now, and a determination to get everything out of them, a summer full of splendid sport may be reaped.

For these reasons *this* year is going to be your best. Start early, and see that it is.

C. MARDEN.

CHEEK.

Criticising the music of Mr. Holbrooke, Mr. John F. Runciman says that "there is no genuine Holbrooke flavour in it." If a joke is intended, we may say that it is, perhaps, more saucy than tasteful.

* * *

We are told that prominent among sporting M.P.'s is Mr. J. G. Butcher, who has won the Bar Point-to-Point more than once. "Weights" and Point "Stakes" are evidently in his line.

* * *

A man was arrested recently as a result of an advertisement offering for sale some cheap roller-skates. He had evidently made a slip.

* * *

The name of a "Great New Serial" now running in a contemporary is "The Fatal Ace." We're open to make a small bet that there's a knave in it somewhere.

* * *

"Italian love"—rhapsodises Mrs. Cornwallis-West—"sun, sin, and spaghetti." And—lest we forget—Soho.

* * *

"Golden eggs" is the latest trade term. Silent ones, no doubt. Eggs that talk are not to be recommended.

* * *

Mr. Alma Webster Powell says that "there isn't a man in America whose vote cannot be bought for a kiss." Doubtless, however, much depends on who kisses him.

* * *

A *Daily Mail* "agony" reads like this: "LAMB. Keep well." Quite right. Lamb that has not been well kept is not at all nice.

* * *

"All women hope to be called dangerous before they die," says Mr. F. Frankfort Moore. Many of them manage to be called worse things than that.

* * *

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.—We cannot say whether, as a result of *M.A.P.'s* White Slavery "revelations," the meaning of the three letters has been changed from "Mainly about People" to "Mostly about ——" well, something else.

* * *

Lady Duff Gordon (Madame Lucile) has called one of her "creations" by the name of "Vain Regret." We hope this does not represent the feelings of the lady customer after she has bought it.

* * *

London Opinion says that Mr. Hilaire Belloc "is a heavily-built man with a Napoleonic face." But we hasten to make it clear that he has no bony part.

* * *

Mr. Arnold White tells us that in Mexico a kiss is called a "tetennamiquilitzli." In these torrid, passionate countries they certainly know how to draw such pleasures out to their fullest extent.

J. S. COX.

OFFICE TONE.

AN ARTICLE OF INTEREST ONLY TO CITY WORKERS.

When a man submits himself for election to a club he may be black-balled for no reason apparent to himself, but the reason is very apparent to those who have cast him out, and it is the simple but sufficient one that he is "unclubable."

It would be a capital thing if some such custom existed in connection with offices.

In many up-to-date businesses, men are sacked simply because they cannot get on with those with whom they have to work, but in the majority of business places you find yourself compelled to work side by side with men who are most distasteful to you.

There are many varieties of office tone. The sympathetic vigorous kind that makes you feel at once welcome, and that stimulates you to further effort, is as rare as it is desirable. More often you find the tone of the office diametrically opposed to your own particular views.

The sporting tone is objectionable to the man who does not sympathise with it, because it is not genuinely sporting. Your fellow workers discuss football form or horse-racing all day long, and, though at first these things may interest you a little, they begin at last to pall upon you, until at length they become as distasteful as the efforts of the early cock that salutes the morn from the first streak of dawn to the time when you breakfast.

Still worse is the tone of the office where filth is predominant.

Instead of being kicked as he ought to be, the clerk who can tell a filthy story is listened to by the majority of his fellow clerks, and the man who is working on steadily, anxious to make his way in the world and taking life seriously, finds such tales nauseating in the extreme. And yet he has to put up with them.

That is the worst of office tone. You have to put up with it, no matter what it may be.

What you have to look to is the best way to close your ears, so to speak. And the best way is work.

It is impossible, unless one is particularly strong-minded and an exceptionally good scrapper, to reform the tone of an office, but, without being either, you can readily go on your way without annoyance and without trouble.

The secret is not to listen to interruptions that occur.

The men who make them are the men who will one day or another be sacked. Peace and satisfaction under such circumstances are to be found in one way only, and that is by sticking to your work.

Any secret-of-success monger would tell you that, but here is something they would not tell you, and that is that a day spent in good, hard, honest work passes more quickly and more pleasantly than a day spent in idling and listening to questionable stories.

G. WORTHINGTON.

FISHING IN EARLY SPRING

AN ARTICLE ALL ANGLERS WILL APPRECIATE.

The trout-fishing season is already upon us, and thousands of Britons are making preparations for week-ends with rod and line.

In these circumstances, no doubt, the following article dealing with the toothsome trout and the right way to lure him from his favourite element will prove acceptable to a large number of our readers.

To angle successfully for trout is not an accomplishment that takes, as some people seem to think, all the years of a lifetime to acquire; but it is no use expecting to get any sport out of it before you have mastered that one great point, the correct way of casting a line. This is how it should be done.

Hold your rod in the right hand, just above the winch, with your thumb pointing direct along the upper side of it. The butt must be clasped with the other fingers. Holding the rod almost perpendicularly, but slightly to the left, take the tip of the line between the thumb and forefinger of your left hand.

LEARNING TO CAST.

It would be as well to note here that, while learning to "cast," no flies, hooks, or even gut should be left on the line. It should be plain casting line, that is all.

Poising the rod with ease and freedom, move your right wrist and forearm round with a circular motion to the left and right. Let go the tip of the line, swinging it outwards, and then, as it straightens before touching the water, check it in a slight degree, otherwise too much of it will rest on the water and make you guilty of a faulty cast.

But we will suppose our angler to be sufficiently versed in the art of casting, and will imagine him happily trudging on his way through the April sunshine to the river, intent on a day's sport.

We mean a day's sport, too, so let's hope he's well provided with "grub." Plenty of sandwiches—beef for preference—and a quart bottle or so of good beer, or a flask of whisky, that's all he wants; but, mark my words—*no tobacco!* If he lets the faintest whiff of smoke pass over the water he certainly won't catch one fish all day.

Every trout has what fishermen call his "haunt" or place of retreat. It is generally a large flat stone or the submerged root of a tree, under which the fish lies snug. Students of trout etiquette have observed that each fish keeps to its own lawful piece of water and never trespasses on another's; but that if a haunt becomes vacant it is very soon retenanted.

TELL-TALE SHADOWS.

It is a knowledge of such troutish idiosyncrasies that is of immense value in their capture; so we will take up our position in a spot which by previous inquiries we know to be favourable, keeping as far away from the bank as possible, at any rate a full shadow's length at all hours of the day. If we have the sun behind us, casting our shadow towards the bank, we must of course move further and further back as the day advances and the shadow lengthens.

This is why long casting is necessary, not so as to cast far into the river, but so as to allow of one's standing as far back as possible on the bank.

When hooked, the fish will try its old dodge of splashing on the surface so as to disengage the hook from its jaws. You should at once slightly slacken your line by lowering your rod, and he will soon stop those particular tactics. Don't try and reel him in at once; let him have all your line, then reel him in a bit, then give him the full line again, and so on. Do this until he's exhausted, which won't be long at this season. Then reel him gingerly, and let the landing net do its work.

Now a word about your rod. The most useful one is about ten or eleven feet long, and in three pieces. It will be as well to get an extra "top." The rod should "balance" about a foot from the end of the butt—that is, with the winch fitted on. This means that the winch must be close to the stock, thus giving a stronger leverage.

Trout can be caught with flies or worms. For the luxurious man who uses flies, the best is a small bright brown, made of spaniel's fur, with a light grey wing. In clear water on a bright day this is well taken. A good fly for the evening hours at the close of April is known as the "Horse-flesh Fly." The dubbing is of blue mohair, with a light-coloured wing and a dark brown head.

For those who care to search the willow trees, there is the Palmer worm or caterpillar, much beloved of the trout. His head is yellowish, his eyes black, and his whole body is covered with red spots. Trout take him with avidity.

But the humbler sportsman who casts out only a worm need not despair of splendid sport.

S. JARROW.

THE PIRATE 'BUS.

No doubt a large number of readers of THE MODERN MAN are wont, on occasion, to visit racecourses, or football matches, and all manner of sporting functions whereat men habitually congregate. It is with the object of putting them up to a very favourite swindle that these lines are printed.

Though, perhaps, the course, or the field, as the case may be, may possibly be only two minutes' walk, you will be sure to find a number of 'buses with conductors shouting at the top of their voices, "'Ere y'are! All the way!" You will do well before boarding such a vehicle to make sure what the fare amounts to, otherwise you may be boldly asked for a shilling in payment of what should rightfully be a penny ride.

When you indignantly refuse, it is pointed out to you that the fare is written up in some obscure corner *inside* the 'bus (no doubt you are on top); and as this satisfies the letter of the law you are bound to pay. But it is a barefaced swindle for all that.

FOR YOU

It is for your benefit that we reserve the third page of the cover.

This page enables you to buy, sell, or exchange anything in the sporting line, and we want you to take advantage of it.

If you are in need of any sporting appliances—and most sportsmen are at this time of the year—have a look at that page.

If what you want is not advertised there, insert an advertisement of your own.

Your announcement need not cost you more than a shilling.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

THIRTEENTH LESSON.

I showed you last week how to guard a counter when your antagonist makes a hook hit with his left hand at your body.

In the twenty-fifth hit he leads off with a right-hand hook hit at your waist. This means, of course, that he swings his right hand sideways so as to catch you on the side of your belt.

As you see his hand coming towards you, step in sharply and ward it off with your left forearm. At the same time, counter him with your right on his left jaw.

It is essential that in guarding this blow you should keep your elbow well up, with your palm turned outwards, so that the bone of your forearm does not strike his.

XXV.—How to guard and counter a right-hand hook hit.

This is a very telling hit, and may be a knock-out if you work it off properly, for you are at very close quarters to him and the hand with which you are putting on the counter is your right.

As a general rule in boxing, one hits with the left, but here, as in some other examples I have given you, you have an opportunity of getting on the right, and it is usually with the right hand that a knock-out blow is dealt.

Get it on with your arm contracted, and, just before the blow lands, twist your right shoulder towards your adversary, so that you put not only the strength of your arm but also the weight of your body into the blow.

A blow that depends wholly upon the strength of your arm muscles, may be a strong one, but when you bring in your weight also, it is very powerful.

Be careful, of course, not to clinch. In the guard I have given you, provided you bring it off properly, there is no clinching at all, and no referee can rightly say that you are holding your man.

In the twenty-sixth hit your adversary leads off with his left hand straight at your stomach.

Provided your right forearm is in its proper position, you can take his blow without receiving any hurt, but it is never policy to take a blow quietly if you can guard it skilfully and counter.

In this case you spring back about six inches, so that his blow is spent. Then you throw your left arm across his left, keeping your elbow well up, and turn his body round to his own right.

XXVI.—How to deal with a man who leads off at your stomach.

While you do this, step in smartly and deliver your right glove on his kidney.

I have already said that a kidney hit is one which should never be brought off in ordinary sparring, for it is a very deadly hit, and, without intending to do so, you may make the friend with whom you are practising sick; but in a contest, or in an actual fight, a kidney hit is a very telling one, and an opportunity for getting it on should never be missed.

It is just as well that I should point out here that a kidney hit is delivered directly on the belt, between your adversary's left side and his spine, and rather nearer to his left side.

Occasionally one hears cries of "Foul!" when a body blow on the waist is brought off, but such a blow is not a foul. It is a foul when you hit below the belt, but not when you hit on the belt.

G. GOWING.

[*Another article of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SCORE

By ADAM STERN.

For a long time there had been absolute silence in the kitchen.

Seated at the table, Dickie Turner, a dirty-faced boy of thirteen, had been doing his home lessons by the light of a candle stuck in a dirty tin candlestick.

But he had finished them some time ago. Now, with his fists pressing into his cheeks, he was watching his mother.

She was sitting by the fireless grate, half turned away from him, her head a little on one side, her eyes shut. There was a bleached look about her, as of one who had passed through fire and lost vitality in the process. Her hair was thin, her chest sunken.

She sat listless, with bony hands passive on her lap.

"Mother," said the boy at last, "ain't ye never going to speak again?"

She opened her eyes.

"Done them 'ome lessons?" she queried, lifelessly.

"Yes."

"Well, then, yo'd better get on up to bed."

"I ain't going to bed," said Dickie, in as lifeless a voice as her own.

"What be the good o' sitting up? Yo'll only be dead tired in the morning. It must be nigh eleven o'clock."

"I can't go to bed till he comes. I only lies awake listening."

A short silence. Dickie, with expressionless eyes staring out of an old, old face, watched his mother.

She plucked restlessly at her skirt.

"P'raps he won't be drunk to-night," she hazarded.

"He will," said Dickie.

"He might be working late at the forge."

"He ain't. I went round there to see just afore I come in, hours ago."

She made another feeble movement with her fingers.

"Well, it ain't no use yo' sitting up."

Dickie made no answer. He appeared to be reflecting.

Presently he spoke in a different voice.

"Mother," he said, "do all folk live lives like our'n?"

"I dunno," she said, closing her eyes again.

"Do all husbands knock their wives about like my father does you?"

"Most on 'em, I think."

"Do they all get mad, savage drunk?"

"I dunno. They mayn't be so bad as yo'r father. But men always was brutes, Dickie."

"Mother," persisted Dickie, planting his face deeper between his fists; "did you think you was going to be happy when you married him?"

"What questions you do ask! I dunno. I forget."

"But did you?"

"I suppose so."

"That makes it all the worse, then; don't it?"

No reply. But her eyes were open and her hands closed tightly together.

"Mother, did you ever love him?"

A silence.

She turned her head slowly and looked at her son.

"I hate him," said Dickie tonelessly. "I hate him so much that I thinks about it all day long. Every time he hits you it goes deep into me and seems to stick there like a pin. I've taken to counting the times up."

"Dickie!"

The mother's glance was full of fear.

"You hate him, too," went on the boy in a steady monotone. "You wish he was dead. I can see it every time you looks at him. So do I. I prays every night to Something to kill him horrible, and take him away to hell."

"Dickie, it's wicked to talk like that!"

"Ain't it wicked for him to set about you like he does? He's done something to you, too. He's hurt you."

She put up her hand furtively to her breast. Dickie nodded his head once or twice.

"It's there. Ain't it? Something that hurts you all the time."

"It ain't nothing much."

"Cancer, ain't it? I looked it up in a book at the free library."

She half rose, a cry of denial on her lips—a denial so that at least he should be spared the anguish of knowing—then dropped back, catching her breath with pain.

Dickie watched her silently. Not long ago he would have got up and tried to comfort her. But now he knew he couldn't. He didn't know how.

"You ought to go to th' 'orspital."

She plucked restlessly at her skirt.

"If you don't," added Dickie, "you'll die. I know you wants to die; but what am I to do when you'm gone?"

A silence.

"I useter want to die," he went on; "but I don't now."

"That's right, Dickie. There's lots of happiness to come to you yet, just to sort o' make up."

"It ain't that I wants to live for," said Dickie.

There was the sound of heavy feet on the threshold, the door was pulled open, and a man stood swaying in the aperture. Neither mother nor son turned to look.

He eyed them both, his lips loose and leering, then lurched into the kitchen and stood holding by a corner of the table.

"Where'sh my s'pper?" he demanded in a thick voice.

"There ain't nothing in the 'ouse," replied his wife tonelessly.

"Where ish it, I want to know?"

Dickie had altered his position and was pretending to be at work with one of his exercise books. His father's wandering glance fell and fixed on him.

"Wha' yo' doing 'ere? Go t' bed. Go t' bed, I tell yo'."

Dickie did not move. The drunkard groped his way along the table, caught the boy's collar with hard, knuckled fingers, and twisted him roughly out of the chair.

"Yo' white-livered little skunk!" he roared, holding him helpless and twitching him backwards and forwards. "Whatsh mean by staring at me!"

He flung him half across the kitchen, then collapsed into the vacated chair, grunting with satisfaction at the changed order of things.

For now the mother had darted to the boy and picked him up, and the boy was sullen, endeavouring to escape from her solicitations.

"Come 'ere!" commanded the drunkard.

His eyes, lit with the light of cruelty, were on his wife.

She stood a few paces away, regarding him passively.

"Come 'ere, my pretty," he said, grinning.

She took one step and stopped. The grin became an inviting leer. He extended a hand.

Dickie, very upright and still, stood watching with wide open, expressionless eyes.

The woman drew nearer, as though fascinated Her whole body seemed to shrink and cower.

The drunkard took her by the wrist and tugged her closer. He looked the miserable, ill-clad figure up and down deliberately.

Then with a spasm of savagery he dealt her a blow in the body with his fist.

"Laugh, you hag!" he said.

Dickie sprang forward and between them. A back-hander sent him staggering, and he fell. He was up again and back, hanging on to his father's arm like a terrier, his lips drawn tight, the teeth showing.

The woman uttered no sound. She sank down under the thudding blows. Her face knocked against the table-leg, then against the brick floor. The drunkard spurned her with his foot. Then, shaking off his clinging son, he reeled off to bed.

Dickie knelt down by his prostrate mother, lifted her head till it was resting on his shoulder, put his arms round her, and thus they remained until they heard snoring in the room above.

That night Dickie drew a long stick from under the bed, and cut a notch on it with his penknife in the dark.

* * * * * * *

A few weeks later Mrs. Turner died. The day of the funeral Dickie disappeared.

For five years his father saw and heard nothing of him. Then one afternoon a young man, sturdily built, entered the forge, and he recognised him as his son.

"Still working here, I see," said Dickie.

His father observed his evident prosperity with lowering jealousy.

"Here I've worked from a lad o' nine, and here I reckon I shall work till I drop," was his surly greeting. "What brings yo' here?"

"I've come to see you."

"What yo' been doing with yourself all these years? If yo' think yo'm coming back to live with me yo'm mistaken. I'm married again."

"You needn't worry. I'm going back to-night to where I came from. I want a talk with you, that's all."

"What for?" inquired his father suspiciously.

"Put your hat and coat on and come with me and see."

Dickie had developed a quiet, abrupt manner that suggested he was in the habit of giving orders and having them carried out. And his father, like all bullies, had been the servant of stronger wills all his life.

He obeyed grumblingly.

Ten minutes afterwards they were outside the hovel which had been their home years before, and never since occupied.

Dickie lifted the latch, held the door open for his father to pass through, shut the door after him, and bolted it.

"Upstairs," he said.

"What for? What's the game?" asked his father uneasily.

"I'll tell you when we're there."

"But—but——" The elder Turner could not frame the chill dread which was overcoming him.

His eyes, weak and watery when sober, wavered from the steady gaze of his son.

He hesitated, then began to climb the stairs. At the top he paused, breathing stertorously.

At that moment something coiled round his ankles; strong hands pulled his legs from under him, and he fell with a crash. Before he could make anything of a struggle, handcuffs snapped also on his wrists, and he was dexterously bound.

Then his son dragged him into the bedroom, and stood looking down at him gloomily.

"Can't you feel her spirit in the room," he said—"the spirit of the woman you murdered? Did you

think the debt scored up against you wouldn't be paid?"

He stared down at the terror-stricken eyes in a long silence. The manacled hands were shaken up at him imploringly.

"I've waited for this day," continued the son. "I've waited till I was strong enough to master you as you mastered her.

"No; I'm not going to murder you, you white-livered skunk. That was what you used to call me, wasn't it? But I was never sick with fear of you like you are with me now. I was weaker, and could do nothing—only wait."

A burning hate crept into his voice and eyes.

"Well, I haven't got to wait much longer. D'you see this?" He held a stick notched all the way down before the other's eyes. "Each mark you see there was made when you knocked my poor mother about. There are a hundred and eighty of them. That is your score of cruelty. I'm going to wipe it off on your bare back—*with this!*"

The last two words were hissed out. He took from his pocket a short, heavy whip, with the thong split up into tails, and tied with wire.

Ignoring the groaning and writhing of the trussed-up figure, he stripped the coat and shirt from his back until the flesh was exposed.

Then, stepping back, he whirled the whip round, and brought it down with all the force of his arm.

"*One*," he said.

The whip sang again.

"*Two.*"

"*Three.*"

A muffled cry broke forth. It was like the cry his mother used to utter when struck on her cancerous breast.

"*Four*," counted Dickie, pitilessly.

. . . . And so it went on.

THE MAN WHO CAN DRAW.

A man I have always envied is the man who can draw. Even to a greater extent than the musician does he possess means to combat boredom. When I say a man who can draw, I don't mean a man who can only reproduce plaster casts of antique figures, I mean rather a handy man with his pencil, a man who can execute caricatures, sketches on any subject and any kind of paper.

Such a man, if he is feeling rather "blue" sitting alone in his rooms, could dash off, say, a caricature of his landlady. No doubt it would make him laugh, and put him in good spirits. Or a series of caricatures of members of his football club would be interesting alike to draw and to look at again on many a future day.

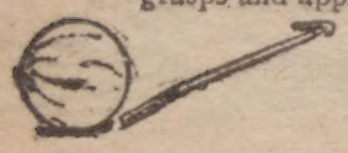
CAN ONE LEARN A GAME FROM BOOKS?

It has long been a hotly-debated question in the sporting world as to whether a man can learn a game from books. No doubt the failure to arrive at a definite conclusion to the satisfaction of all parties is that the question in itself is slightly vague.

If it means "Can a man with absolutely no previous knowledge become a good player of a game like football solely as the result of reading a book or books?" the answer should be decidedly in the negative. No man could do it. He might prime himself with the rules of the game, the essential points of forward, half, and back play and goalkeeping; but once on a football field, taking part in a match, he would be so nonplussed that he would not do a single thing right.

But this does not mean that books are not of decided service to the ambitious player. They are. The man who has picked up a good knowledge of a game through actual play can, with the aid of books, increase that knowledge by a hundred per cent.

The question may be not unfitly summed up as follows: The man who has never played cannot understand the books; whereas the player grasps and appreciates every word in them.



A SKETCH.

PYCROFT'S VICE

Pycroft is the latest addition to the club. It is a bachelor's club, and Pycroft was introduced by a man who turned renegade.

Seeing that he looked lonely and disconsolate, I took up with him. I often feel lonely and disconsolate myself when at the club; though Pycroft isn't to know that.

In gratitude he invited me to his rooms. He lives in pleasantly surprising style, does Pycroft, considering all things.

One cannot deny that the cut of his clothes is eccentric, and his boots explicitly invite criticism. If he does not amend these trifles he will probably be a member of the club all his life. As a compassionate friend, I must drop him a warning hint one of these days.

But to return to his rooms and his excellent hospitality. One detail I notice was the abundant provision of smokers' needs. Boxes of matches, for instance, were lying about in wanton profusion; every description of matches—wood matches, wax matches, fusees. I counted exactly nine boxes of pine vestas on the mantelpiece alone.

"Take a box with you," said Pycroft, as I was lighting a cigar on the point of leaving.

I told him it didn't matter, as I had a box of my own somewhere.

"Do," urged Pycroft, offering me a handful.

"I assure you——" I began.

"You will awfully oblige me if you will," added Pycroft, thrusting the gift into my coat pocket.

Suspecting an eccentricity I demurred no further.

"I suppose you don't by any chance want any laces?" asked Pycroft plaintively.

"Laces!" said I.

"Yes; penny-a-pair laces! I've got all sorts if you can do with them."

I looked at Pycroft with new interest. Was this a symptom of a hitherto undiscovered form of mania, or was it merely that he was in the haberdashery trade?

"Come in here," said Pycroft.

His long ungainly person preceded mine to a bedroom. He opened the bottom drawer of the dressing-table. It was half-full of laces—boot-laces—of all sorts, as he had said.

"There they are," said Pycroft, with a heavy sigh.

"I'm sure they're very useful," said I to console him.

"That's not it," said Pycroft, more plaintive than ever. "I tell you," he went on, with a burst of bitterness, "if it weren't for those, and the matches, and—and—other things, I should have been married long before this."

I cast a furtive glance towards the door.

"But it's no use; I can't help it," he ended sadly.

I murmured something sympathetic.

"Can you stay another ten minutes?" asked Pycroft eagerly. "I'd like to tell somebody about it. And somehow I feel you would understand."

To be told that is flattery no average man could resist. I stayed.

* * * * * * *

"The whole trouble is," explained Pycroft, rather vaguely at first, "I can't say 'No' to the people for fear of hurting their feelings."

"What people," I asked him.

"Street-hawkers, flower-sellers, peripatetic purveyors of all kind of things, from matches and laces to idiotic tin toys, penny Bibles, bladders blown out to the size of your head, and a host of indescribable atrocities which go by the name of the latest novelty. You should see the bunches of violets I buy in the course of a day!"

"But surely," said I, "you don't buy all and sundry the itinerant vendor has to offer you?"

"I'm at the mercy of every one of them," confessed Pycroft miserably.

"But don't you ever refuse?"

"How can I? Of course I know that nine out of ten are not nearly so wretched and destitute as they appear; but how am I to know that this particular one isn't the tenth? I simply daren't take the risk. After all, it's only a penny. And what if I refused assistance to someone who was really in dire need—hungry, perhaps—just for the sake of a penny, which is nothing to me, and which I shall never miss?"

"That's all very well in the individual case," said I, "but apply it to all and it would jolly soon become an expensive hobby."

"I know," groaned Pycroft, "but how is one to learn to discriminate? They all tell you, if you ask them, that they haven't earned tuppence all day. Of course it's probably a lie, but then again it may be true.

"It isn't that I don't try to be firm sometimes; but the result is only worse in the long run.

"Last night I said 'No' to a woman who was selling matches—I'd already got as many boxes in my pocket as I could carry—and she looked at me with such dumb piteousness that I turned back after covering a dozen yards and bought up all she'd got, and then spoilt it by telling her naturally she could keep the blessed things. No doubt she thought me a bit wrong in the head."

"Or a bit right in the heart," said I.

"There you're mistaken," said Pycroft earnestly. "It isn't generosity; it's sheer sentimental cowardice. Why, I've taken to travelling about in cabs and going to the theatre nearly every night to try and dodge it. But it's no use. At the end of the day I generally find myself with pockets stuffed full of the beastly things."

"What do you do with them all?" I queried.

Pycroft sighed.

"The matches are a fairly simple problem," he answered, "but the laces baffle me. As for the toys and other rubbish, I chuck 'em into a box which I keep locked. It doesn't do for such things to be lying about; people think you must be going cranky. When it's full I send 'em off to one of the children's hospitals."

He surrendered to melancholy silence, and the oppressed look came into his eyes again as he gazed moodily into the fire.

I could scarcely repress a smile as I observed his pitiful expression, and looked again at the match-boxes that littered the room.

"Now you know why I can never marry," he said at last.

"I can't afford it."

"Heavens," said I. "Then curb your good nature, man!"

"I can't," said Pycroft, gloomily. "It grows on one. You don't know. . . .

"Good nature!" he exclaimed, with one of his bursts of bitterness, "it's nothing but a vice!"

* * * * * * *

Well, it may be that you are right, Pycroft. But I don't think we should find it hard to forgive you.

D. WHARTON.

Our Disease-Ridden Army

A MATTER OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

This is not a pleasant subject, but it is one to hich the Editor of THE MODERN MAN agrees ith me in thinking public attention should be rawn.

In two words, a gravely large proportion of our rmy is disease-ridden, and the scourge from hich it suffers is one of the most terrible known mankind.

Roughly 50 per cent. of our Indian Army—I do ot mean our Indian Native Army, but British oldiers in India—and roughly 30 per cent. of our me Army are, or have been afflicted by this rrible disease.

E MENACE.

I do not wish, nor is it possible in a lay paper, go into medical details of the malady referred but in order that the reader should understand e gravity of the evil, some general points must mentioned.

In the first place, the malady is to a great tent incurable.

If taken in its first stage, and if the sufferer can ord the best medical attention, expensive treatent, and practically to devote two or three years fighting the foe, a permanent cure may be fected.

Our soldiers, however, are not in a position to mmand such assistance, and they fight the emy at a grave disadvantage.

As I have said, when taken in time and under vourable conditions the disease may be finally nquered, but in the great majority of cases it is ble to recur, and in an infinitely more deadly rm.

A second attack is a most serious matter, a rd generally fatal, the victim dying a horrible d lingering death. The malady is particularly alignant in its persistence, and after years of parent safety the victim may find himself omed to a living death.

FIT SOLDIERS.

In the next place, the disease wrecks the constiion. It poisons the whole system, and even en a cure has been effected the man is never roughly sound again.

A large proportion, therefore, of our soldiers, ile no doubt capable of performing ordinary ty, even of considerable exertion, are unfit for rigours of a prolonged campaign.

Also, it is a contagious disease, and while the traction of it exposes the sufferer to the conmnation of the moralist, a perfectly clean-living n may innocently come by it and expose himf and others to untold suffering.

Many medical men hold that a victim of this malady should never be allowed to marry, for taint is transmittable unto the "third and rth generations."

As regards the spread of contagion in the my, certain factors favour it. If a soldier benes unfit for duty by reason of disease arising of his own misconduct, as, for example, delirium mens, he is deprived of his pay for every day t he is in hospital as the result of such disease. e does not complain of this regulation, which is fectly fair, but in some directions it operates astrously, tempting men to conceal illness her than lose their pay.

DANGER OF CONCEALMENT.

This is especially the case in regard to the lady referred to, which comes under the heading punishable diseases.

n its early stages it causes little or no suffering, l the victim is not driven by his pangs to seek dical aid. He "chances his arm," hoping for overy, and when more serious symptoms ear he is again tempted to refrain from going ospital, for now he has been guilty of "conling his disease," in itself a military offence.

am aware that troops are medically inspected from time to time, but for certain reasons the disease is not always to be detected.

The point is that the nature of the malady and the Army regulations tempt a man to conceal it, until he is irretrievably in its grip, and meanwhile he spreads infection.

Enough, I think, has been said to show the seriousness of the disease with which our Army is ridden, and that circumstances favour its propagation.

The causes of this disease will, I think, best be disclosed in a brief consideration of the best means of stamping out, or at least of checking this frightful scourge.

A FRUSTRATED REMEDY.

Between 1864-67 there were passed certain Acts of Parliament known as the Contagious Diseases Acts.

They provided for the prevention of disease in certain seaport and garrison towns, where the evil was most pronounced, by police and medical supervision.

They remained in force until 1886, and during this period the percentage of these contagious diseases steadily declined. But in 1886 the C.D. Acts were repealed, and since then the percentage of these diseases, and of one in particular, has steadily risen.

Why were these Acts, which effectually checked devastating diseases, repealed? They were repealed mainly at the instance of Exeter Hall faddists and sentimentalists of both sexes, who professed to find in these Acts the "legalisation of vice."

They were, of course, entitled to their views, but think of the appalling results which have followed their insistence upon them.

THE TIME FOR ACTION.

We have lately had some very plain speaking from judges and other eminent men on the subjects of marriage, divorce, morality in general, and man's morality in particular. I think it is high time there was some equally plain speaking on the subject of our disease-ridden Army, and that a commission of eminent and impartial men and women should be appointed to consider the advisability of re-introducing the C.D. Acts, or to devise some other effectual means of dealing with a frightful scourge.

The question is of national importance. The State loses heavily over these disease-ridden soldiers who become unfit for service. The poor victims themselves suffer cruelly, and, unfit for work, must either go to the workhouse or linger on—a burden and a danger to their relatives.

Further, there is the danger to the health and well-being of the community at large. Returning or returned to civil life, these infected soldiers spread disease; often they marry, and their offspring are invariably tainted, and in turn breed scrofulous, ricketty, in many cases imbecile, children.

"CHINSTRAP."

THE HUMOURS OF A JIBBING HORSE.

AN EVENTFUL DRIVE.

It takes some finding to see the humour of a jibbing horse—especially if you happen to be behind the animal.

A confirmed jibber is the biggest trial to a man's temper that a malicious fate can send his way.

Higgs always said that his knowledge of horses was phenomenal.

It must have been. From personal experience I should say Higgs stands alone in that respect.

He also boasted that what he did not know about them was of no moment. It is probable that Higgs's last moment, however, will depend upon that very ignorance.

I believed in Higgs whole-heartedly. I went so far as to prove my belief in him—for I let him buy me a horse. Could trust go farther?

It was not much to look at considering the price I had paid for it—at least, the price I paid Higgs.

Higgs professed himself delighted.

"A regular bargain," he said. "You wouldn't get a gee at the price I——" Here he stopped—jerked himself up so to speak.

Long afterwards I guessed what the rest of the speech would have revealed. I wondered where Higgs got the money to buy those shares just at that time.

We started fairly well, I admitted, but the horse certainly did not merit Higgs's previous encomium on his style, pace, and action, and all the rest.

Higgs insisted on driving. He said he'd got the hang of it better than we had.

Later on I thought hanging was too good for Higgs.

For a bit all went well. He did not seem to mind motors.

"No," said Higgs, gleefully; "he's nothing of a shier."

I fancy Higgs was a bit surprised over this from his tone.

Then something or other upset that horse, and he began to jib.

It was a crowded public thoroughfare that he selected for his first exhibition of his pet vice. And upon my word it was a regular good show for a first performance—at least, Higgs said it was his first.

Higgs also remarked that it showed him to be a fine-spirited animal. Someone in the crowd said he'd evidently got a fool for a driver.

Higgs kept on hitting the horse, but he stood stock still. It was evidently to be a trial of patience, and the brute was going to beat the man.

Well, after he had stopped the traffic for some little time, a heroic man in blue, with a white set face, caught hold of the horse's head and tugged sharply, putting out a good deal of unnecessary strength.

For, having made up his mind at that identical moment to move on, the horse did so, starting forward so suddenly that the policeman was not prepared for the manœuvre.

So he was left sprawling in the roadway while we went off at a rattling pace.

I thought the brute meant to bolt, but he was only tired of his audience and wished to get away from it.

He went beautifully for a bit. Then we came to a particularly steep hill, and he began again.

Higgs said he thought he objected to the view. Higgs's humour is of the senile kind.

He was persuaded to go up a little way—in fact, to within a few yards of the top.

Then he made plain his intention to let the carriage slide back down the incline.

Higgs said we might toboggan all right, provided we did not collide with anything, or the carriage did not get "locked."

I said I had taken quite enough risks. I jumped out and left Higgs.

I salved my conscience at leaving him by telling him he could have the whole concern if he got home safely.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

Our Readers' Page

POTTING THE WHITE.

"Now, don't go and put me down!"——"Don't want to"——(click—plop). "A-ah! What did I tell you? A dirty, intentional, pot! . . And so on, *ad infinitum*.

A lot of ridiculous nonsense is talked in most billiard-rooms about the sportsmanship, or otherwise, of potting one's adversary's ball.

We may as well say here, once and for all, that there is nothing in the very least unsporting in putting your adversary down, but——it's shocking bad billiards.

For, naturally, though it adds the huge number of two points to your score, it leaves you only the red to play on, and you are hardly likely to be so skilled a player that you will be able to make a very lengthy break off that alone.

So that you do your best to bring off a double baulk; and are lucky if you succeed. But if you make a speciality of putting your adversary down, and then making a double-baulk, you are but a contemptible tactician. The clean, and in almost every case the best, way to score is by cannons and losers, and by striving as far as possible to see three strokes ahead.

CIGARS I HAVE MET.

I am a man who smokes a pipe; but these are some of the cigars I have met—and don't want to meet again.

First of all there is the "Trichi," long, black, and nauseating, beloved of the Anglo-Indian, who always insists on giving you one. Then there is the "belted" cigar (1d. for the cigar and 2d. for the "belt") which is inflicted on you by a fat fellow-traveller in the train. Lastly, most disgusting of all, is the disreputable weed which bursts open at the side, and has to be "mended" with stamp-paper, afterwards giving forth a smell like a Post-office on fire. These are not all, but they are quite enough.

IN PRAISE OF SHANKS'S MARE.

It is a pretty safe statement to make that few people get as much enjoyment out of their everyday life as those who habitually make use of Shanks's mare as their chief means of locomotion.

We are told by a celebrated Stock Exchange long-distance walker that pedestrianism is sadly neglected in England, an important case in point, he says, being the Territorials. The Terriers, he hints darkly, are not as proficient in the direction of long-distance marching as he would like to see them. And he suggests a very simple way of improving their endurance on the march.

The great majority of the Territorials are business men; and he suggests that instead of going home by train, tram, or 'bus after their day's work, they should walk, and try to do the journey faster every day than on the day previous.

But it is not always advisable to walk up to the office, as the exertion would probably interfere with good work during the day.

SOME TIPS FOR TOURING CYCLISTS.

As there is promise of better weather ahead and the cycling section of "modern men" may be planning their summer tours, the following hints may prove acceptable.

When starting off for a long ride, make sure that all nuts, &c., about your machine are tightened up, and that it is in good order generally.

However great the temptation may be, do not load up your machine with luggage, as the load is increased tenfold if you are travelling through hilly country or come against headwinds. Besides, it is a simple matter, when mapping out your route, to note places where extra clothing could be forwarded, to be picked up as you go along.

As regards personal apparel, a cellular shirt is best in warm weather, and puttees are preferable to stockings or leggings if you wear breeches.

Do not take a cold bath either during or immediately after a long run. A warm bath, into which a little ammonia has been put, is the best refresher.

For stamina you should try eating a handful of fresh raisins once or twice a day, and for refreshment on the road nothing can beat a piece of a ripe tomato, its effect being most magical.

When thirsty, a piece of orange or lemon peel laid on the tongue will draw the natural moisture. This is much better than drinking anything.

A little essence of verbena rubbed on the lapels of the coat or the peak of your cap will keep flies and other insects from buzzing around your head while you are riding.

A little methylated spirit rubbed on the palms of the hands will prevent blistering.

When repairing a puncture, a penny laid on the top of a new patch and held down by a trouser-clip (you should carry one, as it is useful in more ways than one) keeps the patch flat until the solution sets firm.

You should also carry a foot or two of strong flexible wire, as in the event of your chain snapping an excellent temporary repair can be effected by winding a few inches of it between the broken links.

Finally, keep your bike well oiled, and *don't* force the pace when touring.

THE "BUCK UP" FIEND.

"Buck up" is a phrase which flows very glibly from the tongues of most men connected in some way or other with sport; but few of them realise how difficult it is on occasions to do it.

The man who goes about with an eternal "Buck up, old chap" on his lips is generally a bore of the first water, for the simple reason that in nine cases out of ten he has no perception.

He finds a friend looking glum, and he at once shoots out his parrot-phrase "Buck up." He doesn't stop to consider why the other is miserable. He may have lost someone near and dear to him, the object for which he may have been toiling ceaselessly for years may have been irrevocably put out of his reach.

Possibly all he wants is to be left alone to his misery. But no, the "Buck up" fiend seizes him, puts one tactless question after another, and generally succeeds in making his victim thoroughly furious.

Then, and then only, he goes away, to descant gloomily and at length to others of his kidney on the thanklessness of attempting to cure some men of the "blues."

OUR LAST WINNER.

As we have decided to discontinue this feature, we no longer invite short paragraphs for this page from readers, although contributions of genuine masculine interest for publication in the ordinary pages of the paper will continue to be welcome, and will be paid for at our usual rates.

The first prize of 10s. this week goes to Mr. Alec Mitchell, 21, Roslin Terrace, Aberdeen, for "Some Tips for Touring Cyclists."

MEN AND MANNERS.

It is a common and a very wise saying that one should not form an opinion, favourable or otherwise, of a man, at one's first meeting with him; but how often is this very salutary rule broken! Ninety-nine times out of a hundred.

A man's natural manner goes a long way towards making his fellow-men like or dislike him; and though he may, on longer acquaintance, be found to be a very good sort, he may at first impress one by no means pleasantly. Such a man is he who is inclined to be over-confidential. He speaks in a low tone of voice and close to one's ear; and though it may be only a harmless mannerism, it is apt to make one suspect him vaguely of some ulterior motive.

The man who jostles you in the street and simply says "Sorry," hardly ever raises your indignation. It is the form of apology which is in ordinary use. But the man who takes his hat off and devotes five minutes to expressing his contrition is apt to strike one as a hypocrite. But, on the other hand, the man who jerks out "Sorry" with a kind of clever grin, as though to say, "I *really* did it on purpose," makes you feel that you would like to strike him—and not gently either.

MY ABSENT-MINDED FRIEND.

I have a friend, a particularly lovable chap, but he has a great drawback which makes me feel frightfully nervous for him at all times. He is internally absent-minded.

He went into a restaurant one day, had a meal, paid his bill, and left. He had gone as far as a hundred yards along the street before a panting waiter pointed out that his napkin was still tucked into his waistcoat!

It has often happened that on being "obliged" with a match, he has slipped the box carelessly into his pocket; and in this way, no doubt, the poor fellow has made more than one enemy, quite unwittingly of course, for nobody could be more horrified than he is when he eventually discovers his mistake.

A TIP FOR SPORTING LONDONERS.

It is an indisputable fact that the man who lives in Central London labours under an extreme disadvantage in the matter of open spaces in which to train.

Of course, there the suburbs open to him, if his means will allow of his getting there; but this is not the case with everybody. Here is a good tip for the sportsman of modest means who lives in Central London.

As we all know, Bloomsbury and St. Pancras are largely made up of large enclosed squares. The sportsman should get on the soft side of the gardener—give him, say, a sixpence once a fortnight or so, and he will find the horticulturist quite willing to let him use the gardens in the early morning before people are about.

Then, whether he be cyclist, footballer, long-distance runner, or sprinter, our sportsman will be able to train to his heart's content.

HOW NOT TO OVER-EAT.

Probably more than one reader has secretly complained to himself, after eating, on certain occasions, that he felt uncomfortable, that he didn't feel fit; in short, that if he were called upon to "get up a run" at footer, he would fall down in a faint.

To feel like that even once or twice is a bad sign. It means that though you, no doubt, do not gorge immoderately, you are in the habit, nevertheless, of systematically putting into your inner man just a trifle more than he can carry. The feeling of discomfort is his way of periodically showing his resentment.

A good rule to observe, which will always keep you fit, is always to get up from the table at the moment when you find yourself wishing for "just a *tiny* slice more." It is precisely at this moment that you have had exactly enough.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE GEYTESBURY MURDER MYSTERY

By E. WADE LANG.

There were four of us at the club that afternoon talking about it; Rawson with his sandy hair and brickish skin, argumentative as usual, very sure of himself and his opinions, contradictory, quarrelsome; Fortescue, suave of manner, tolerant, precise of speech; Bunn, and myself.

I should say there were three of us talking; for Bunn's contribution to the discussion was a deep, sighing A-h, which might mean anything or nothing; and even that came only when he was appealed to.

It takes a good deal to stir Bunn out of his massive inertia. He is tremendously fat. His cheek meets his neck, and forms a double roll of flesh. The flesh also protrudes over the back of his collar, and is sparsely haired. His waistcoat is enormous.

You would take him for a clergyman—a clergyman with a very fat living—if he dressed that way. He has the smooth, shiny, benignant face of the typical ecclesiastic. As a matter of fact, he is a bookmaker, with a reputation as high outside Tattersall's as in it.

"You can say what you like," Rawson was asserting. "The man will never get off a second time. The case is as clear as daylight."

"If it were," interposed Fortescue, enunciating his words as though he could taste them, "there would hardly have been a disagreement of the jury at the first trial."

"Pshaw! The judge was dead in his favour. Besides, his counsel made a wonderful fight of it."

"He has got the same counsel again," Fortescue reminded him.

"Yes; but he'll find Justice Murphy a harder nut to crack. He's down on these sort of cases like a ton of bricks."

Rawson's vehemence, it should be explained, makes him careless in the use of metaphor.

"Well, we ought to know very soon now," said Rawson, with a glance at the clock. "The jury retired at two-thirty, and it's past five."

Rawson was on his feet by the window with his hands in his pockets, alternately looking through it and turning to harangue us.

"Who else was there in Geytesbury that could have done it?" he demanded, beginning to go over the ground again. "A village of a few hundred inhabitants. You've got your field limited right away. Besides, Carter had been carrying on with the girl a long time before. That's been established."

"It is one of the points of the defence that it *was* a long time before, and was over and done with," said Fortescue.

"Who's to prove that? Who got the girl into trouble, then?" Rawson did not bother to wait for an answer. "To my mind there's the motive that everybody seems to think is lacking. Carter's married; he's got a couple of young children; his wheelwrighting business depends upon his good name with the local farmers; everybody knows what a hot-bed of scandal these hole-and-corner places are when a thing like that takes place."

"And yet he takes the infinitely more dangerous course of committing murder," said I.

"Why not?" said Rawson explosively. "If he isn't found out, he's safe.

"He certainly wouldn't be if the girl lived and he got drummed out of the village. Remember that these men's world is bounded by as far as they can see. They think if they once get outside it they'll be lost. He faced that fact. His intrigue with the girl had been carried on secretly for the three months previous to the murder. He's known what's impending. She is continually threatening him with exposure. He gets desperate to find a way out.

"Then what happens? The evidence tells you. She's the servant at the vicarage. The kitchen, with her bedroom above it, is a sort of single-storey adjunct to a back corner of the house, practically isolated from it.

"The vicarage is in the same lane as Carter's cottage, no other house between, only about a couple of hundred yards distant. He makes an appointment with her, say, at midnight, when the families at both houses are sound asleep; she lets him into the kitchen, and he knocks her brains out with the chopper."

"How was it, then, that she was in her night-dress?" asked Fortescue.

"W-e-ll!" Rawson shrugged significantly. "Anyhow, the chopper was identified as his."

"The defence say," continued Fortescue calmly, "that her bed had been occupied, which it would not have been if she had been sitting up to keep an appointment, and that she must have come down to answer the knock of some passing tramp, who had only to climb over the gate of Carter's yard to help himself to the chopper which was always lying about there."

"Pshaw! What motive would a passing tramp have for murdering the girl?"

"There are such beings as homicidal maniacs."

"But what about the muddy footmarks found between Carter's cottage and the vicarage and in the kitchen?"

"The tramp's."

"But they fitted Carter's boots," declared Rawson.

"That has not been absolutely proved. It is all purely circumstantial, Rawson."

"Rot! You don't think a murderer is going to wait for an audience before he sets about the job, do you? What do you say, Bunn?"

Bunn drummed the tips of his fingers together over his enormous stomach.

"A—h!" he sighed.

"Moreover," continued Fortescue, unmoved, "there is the evidence of Carter's wife. According to her, Carter was sound asleep at her side at midnight. She was awake and distinctly remembers hearing the church clock chime twelve. Just before three the sound of the child, a boy of eight, crying in the next room, awoke them both. Carter went to see what was the matter. The boy had a painful, hacking cough. Carter went down to the kitchen to get a bottle of cough mixture off the mantelpiece."

"Why didn't the wife go?"

"Because the other child, a baby, was asleep in her arms."

"Well, it's funny he should be prowling round on that particular night."

"It is more funny that he should be capable of such ordinary behaviour, following on a revolting murder, even granting that he could have slipped away from his wife's side without her knowledge."

"He could have done it after. No one knows what time the murder was committed."

"Mrs. Carter has sworn that he came back to bed immediately he had attended to the boy."

"Oh, of course she'd stand by him," growled Rawson.

"But the boy, in the witness-box, under searching cross-examination, could not be shaken in his statement that he heard the clock strike three while his father was in the room. At half-past seven the body was discovered; and the medical examination showed that death must have taken place at least four hours previously, if not six."

Rawson, temporarily beaten, stared through the window.

"There's the missing suit of clothes," said I.

"Ah!" Rawson wheeled round again on Fortescue. "There's a damning point. A murder like that couldn't have been committed without a lot of blood being spilt—they say the vicarage kitchen was in a beastly mess—and Carter's working clothes are missing. *That very morning* Mrs. Carter is up early with a fire going in her wash-house. What for?"

"Because it was her washing day," interposed Fortescue placidly.

"No; to burn his bloodstained clothes. The woman's screening him, as it's only natural she would do. I believe it was only because the jury were so sorry for her that Carter escaped conviction last trial."

"But doesn't Carter declare," I put in, "that he sold the suit of clothes two days before to a travelling pedlar?"

"He does. But *find the pedlar*," cried Rawson, triumphantly. "If it was true, why doesn't the pedlar come forward?"

"Perhaps he doesn't read the papers," said Fortescue. "Perhaps he can't read at all."

"Pshaw! a pretty tale altogether!"

"Well, my own opinion is there isn't enough evidence to convict," Fortescue summed up. "I admit the case looks black, but I don't believe that Carter is guilty. That is all. It's merely an inner feeling. So long as there is any reasonable doubt about it I hope for the sake of his wife and children that he gets off."

"He never will," asserted Rawson confidently. "His previous intimacy with the girl, the fact that he actually was out of bed and downstairs that night, the footmarks, the chopper, and the missing suit of clothes—all combined will weave a rope long enough and strong enough to hang Carter, you mark my words. Gad! There's a newsboy with the result. Waiter, run and get a paper, quick."

For a few moments we were silent, suddenly oppressed with the seriousness of life and death.

"I hope he is acquitted," said Fortescue, in a quiet voice.

"So do I," I said.

Rawson stuck his jaw out, and was silent. He is not a hard-hearted man, but the success of his arguments is very precious to him.

Bunn sat inert, drumming the tips of his fingers together over his huge stomach.

Rawson took the paper from the waiter and scanned it hurriedly.

"Jury disagreed, prisoner discharged," he said.

I heard Bunn exhale a long sigh.

"I'm glad," said Fortescue, rising.

"Well, all I can say is he's lucky," said Rawson. "I stick to my opinion that——"

They went out together, Rawson still arguing.

* * * * * * *

When they had gone I leaned forward and watched Bunn for several minutes without speaking. Few know as I do the nimble mind working within that bulk of lethargic flesh.

"You promised," said I at length, "to tell me the name of the real murderer when this trial was over, whatever the result."

"On condition that you do not speak of it till I give you permission."

"Agreed."

"Carter's wife."

Another silence. Bunn drew a cigar from his pocket, carefully nipped the end off and lit it. He hitched himself a little higher in his armchair and began.

"The motive was jealousy. Her conduct in the

witness-box proved that she was passionately devoted to Carter. There had been this affair with the girl two years before. That was forgiven. It began again.

"Rawson told you what was going to be the result. Neither the girl nor Carter knew how to prevent it. Carter, at his wit's end, decides to appeal to his wife, relying upon her love for him for forgiveness again. This happened the evening before the murder.

"She lies thinking about it. She wonders how she could do it. In the dark the evil desire gradually takes possession of her.

"She puts the baby gently down beside her husband. She slips out of bed. She listens. Neither stirs. She puts on some clothes—probably a skirt over her nightdress and a shawl—and creeps downstairs.

"There has been rain during the evening and the lane is muddy. Her husband's thick boots are by the fender. She chooses them. In her mind's eye she can see where the chopper is lying in the yard.

"She goes stealthily to the vicarage, the chopper hidden under her shawl. The time is now probably two o'clock. She knows the girl sleeps in the bedroom above the kitchen. She throws some gravel at the window.

"The girl puts her head out. Carter's wife asks her to come down. No doubt she would give a cunning excuse.

"The girl opens the door and lets her in. According to the evidence, the blow that was fatal came from behind. Mrs. Carter points down the lane, telling the girl something curious. The girl looks.

"Mrs. Carter steps back, uses both hands, and brings the chopper down. If the girl made any sound it was not heard. Then Mrs. Carter finished the job. The state of the corpse suggested an attack of blind fury.

"She returns. She forgets the chopper, she forgets everything in the wild panic to get back to bed and find it all a nightmare.

"She enters the kitchen and takes off the boots. Abruptly she thinks of blood. She strikes a match and looks. There is blood on her skirt and shawl, blood on her hands and arms. She strips the skirt and shawl off, and with the instinct of secretiveness runs and hides them in the furnace in the washhouse."

Bunn sighed; whether in pity or at the conclusion of the dramatic portion of his narrative I could not tell.

"Then she returned to bed," he continued. "Shortly afterwards she hears the boy crying. She daren't get out; she feels too weak to trust herself to stand. She nudges her sleeping husband, and he thinks he has awakened himself.

"She tells him to go and see to the boy. Probably she has got the baby strained close to her, holding on to it as to her last chance of salvation. It is a mistake to assume that murderers have not at least some of the emotions of ordinary people.

"Her husband comes back and immediately drops off to sleep. The boy's crying has ceased. She lies all through the black, agonised hours, and at break of day gets up.

The instinct of self-preservation and the stronger instinct of maternity have persuaded her to keep silent about the crime.

"She burns the skirt and shawl before anyone is about That day her husband is arrested. She is stupefied, helpless; she decides to await results."

"The suit of clothes," I reminded him.

"Carter spoke the truth about them. That the pedlar cannot be found is only one of the inexplicable incidents that help to shroud life in uncertainty and mystery."

"Do you think that Mrs. Carter would have confessed if her husband had been found guilty?"

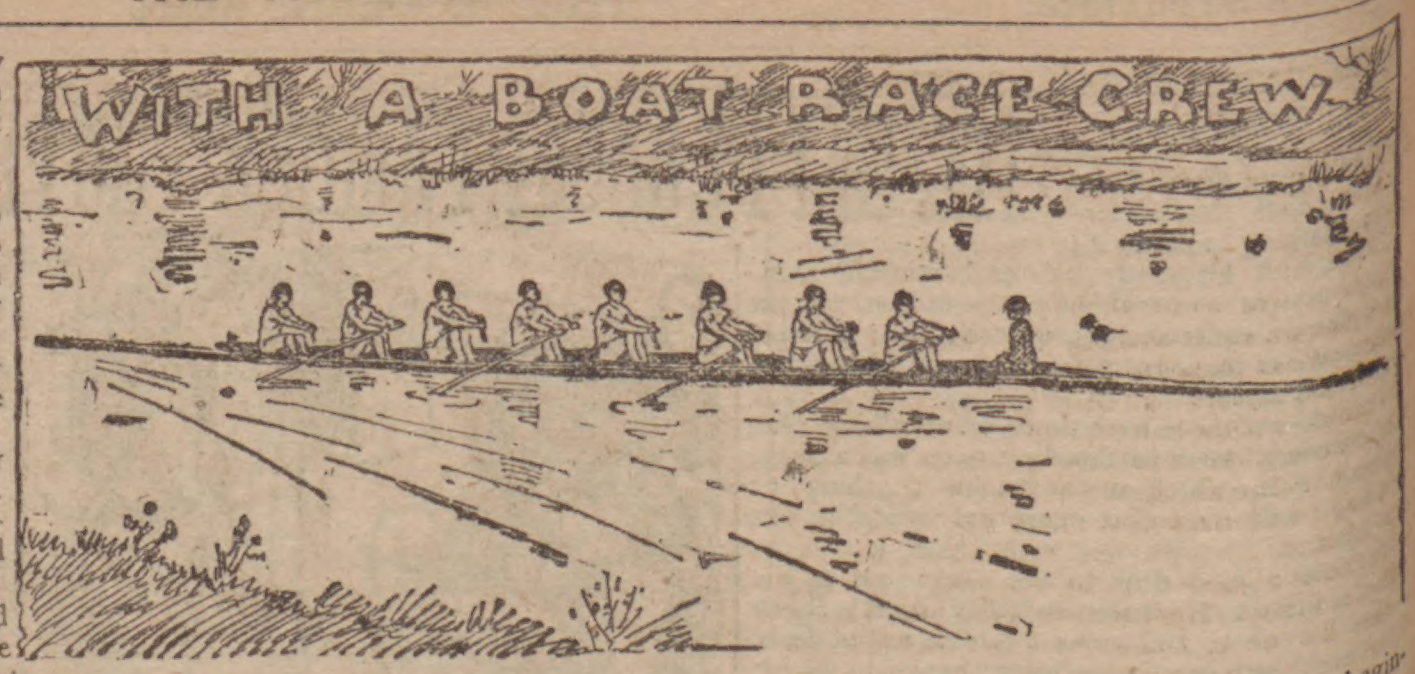
"It is utterly impossible to say."

He sighed again, indicating that his flow of conversation had ended.

"Where did you find out all this?" I asked him.

"In this chair," said Bunn.

And he extracted a cigar from his pocket and lit it meditatively.



A DAY IN TRAINING.

The morning air bites shrewdly as at seven o'clock eight sleepy athletes leave their bedrooms with thick flannel "blanket bags" over their pyjamas, and decked with the blue muffler that it has cost them so much to win, and make their way to the dining-room of the house at Putney, which is the scene of their last spell of training.

Having disposed of the steaming porridge that awaits them, they sally forth together for their short morning walk, ending up with a sharp sprint, which would make a tried hundred-yards man sit up, for they put some vigour into their training, these 'Varsity oarsmen.

Perhaps they choose some secluded lane—for interested as they are in all that the newspapers have to say about their doings, the interest of passers-by in their persons is apt to be distasteful—or, maybe, they prefer the tow-path, for there is a fascination to the rowing-man in occasionally seeing the waters that he knows so well, from the point of view of the spectators or the coach, that raucous-voiced individual who has blackguarded him and generally made his life a misery to him for so long from the back of an eminently respectable and elderly horse on the bank.

THE MORNING TUB.

The walk ended, they return to the bath, and to dress in the white flannel trousers and shirt, and blue flannel blazer, that form their usual attire during training.

And then comes breakfast, enlivened by the morning papers, of which only one page seems to be of interest, and by the jests of cox, who has put in an appearance after an extra half hour or so in bed, and who usually seems to be the wag of the crew. Perhaps it is because he does not have to train so rigorously. Rowing training is calculated to crush a sense of humour in a very short time.

The coach or coaches, too, are of the party, and they are "pumped" on the question of the work in store and the form shown up to date.

The rowing breakfast is a meal that would make the man who is in the habit of bolting a few mouthfuls and rushing for his train, shudder. Three or four courses are the usual thing, and fish, eggs, meat, toast, marmalade, and oranges play a part in it. There is necessarily a lack of variety about the fare. Coffee and bacon, amongst other things, are barred, and the man who has just done a spell of training for a boat-race usually feels for some time as if he would not mind very much if he never saw an egg or a chop again.

OUT FOR WORK.

After a gentle game of billiards or an hour or so spent in letter-writing or reading, it is time to change and launch the brand-new racing ship.

Each man takes his own rigger, and, their every movement watched by a little crowd of reporters and other interested spectators, they slew the boat round to the water's edge, four men duck swiftly underneath her, and the boat is lowered gently into the water.

Then the boatman with the aid of the muffled-up cox holds her while the oars are fetched and inserted in the rowlocks, the button being deftly twisted so as to get under the string that joins the tholepins, and the crew take their places, beginning from the end that is farthest down-stream.

Each man steps carefully on the backbone of the boat, a "keel" of timber barely an inch thick, for nowhere else can he put his foot without going through the fragile shell.

Feet are inserted in the straps, and slides are tried to see that they run easily; but the boatmen take a pride in their work and the "ship" is in prime condition.

Cox picks up his rudder lines as the boatman shoves her off with his boathook against an outrigger.

"Four bow oars," bleats the permanently hoarse cox as soon as half the boat is clear, and then as he gets out into the stream, "Easy all."

A PRELIMINARY PADDLE.

At a nod from the coach, who on these broad tidal waters has exchanged his horse for a steam launch, he shouts again "Forward! Ready . . . Paddle!" and off they go, the eight blades striking the water in unison, and eight bodies swinging in perfect rhythm—at least, so it would seem to the spectator—but the eagle-eyed cox is snapping at intervals "Bow, you're late," "Late, three," and so on.

The morning is spent in light spells of paddling to shake the crew together, interspersed with practice "starts" and short bursts of rowing.

At each "easy," words of wisdom are bellowed from an enormous megaphone by the coach, whose launch rides at a respectful distance on the dirty waters of the Thames.

"You must get more beginning on to it, boys"; "Four, don't let that slide run away from you"; "Take her off smarter, stroke," and so on.

Then back to the raft, and the boat and oars are stowed safely away again in the boathouse, before the crew go in for a sponge down and a change before lunch.

Lunch is a light meal for the training oarsman, and after a spell for rest and digestion comes the heavier work of the afternoon.

Tides have to be considered in these last days of training, and the time of the spins and trials must necessarily vary.

PRACTISING STARTS.

Perhaps to-day it is to be a full-course trial, with the banks lined with onlookers; or, perhaps, the London Rowing Club, or Leander, or some other club is putting out a scratch eight to give stroke an opportunity of getting his men sharp off the mark by practising starts against them.

Work over, and the boat, which means as much to the oarsman as his horse to the cavalryman, safely put to bed, comes another bath, and tea—a frugal meal of half a cup and one biscuit.

The remainder of the evening is occupied by billiards or a stroll, a game of bridge or the perusal of light—very light—literature, and by dinner, a meal whose vastness and solidity puts even breakfast in the shade.

And so, as Pepys says, to bed, to dream, perhaps, of the days when the race shall be a thing of the past, and they shall be free to smoke and live their own life and be their own masters once again.

C. S.

Some Famous Referees

FAMILIAR FIGURES IN ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

I am not going to discuss the question as to whether or no Referees have improved of late years. They have, it will be generally admitted, a very thankless office indeed, and are the subject of much criticism, for they are no more free and independent than an umpire at cricket.

We had an illustration of this a few weeks ago when Lyon, of Preston, was suspended, and the announcement caused great surprise. It was pointed out that at the time the game was played no one raised any question, and neither the referee nor the players saw anything that was out of the way, yet we were informed some days afterwards that the player had been suspended on the complaint of a member of the F.A. Council, who happened to be on the ground and conceived it his duty as a guardian of sport to make a complaint against the player, though no one else had seen so.

Appeals were useless, and the matter was dealt with in the most arbitrary manner possible. There are, however, some referees to-day who are quite above suspicion, and probably one of the very best is always chosen to officiate in the final.

A NOTED AMATEUR.

Very many people would consider that the best English representative is Mr. T. P. Campbell, of Blackburn, in which town he was born. He has always been an amateur, and commenced officiating in important matches a dozen years ago. He can recall very many important games of those years, and he has become deservedly popular because of his unostentatious manner, although no one would dream of taking liberties with him. I can recall him on some great "Derby Days" in the League. On one occasion Aston Villa and Blackburn were meeting together, and there was a huge crowd. Excitement ran very high, so far as the spectators were concerned, yet the players were kept well in hand. The game proceeded, and at the close Mr. Campbell's skill was remarked upon.

The players of Newcastle, Sheffield, Bolton, and Burnley are very fond of playing under his rule as he shows no favour and can afford to be entirely impartial and independent.

A SCOTTISH VETERAN.

By far the greatest referee is the popular Tom Robertson, of Glasgow. He has played for Scotland against England, Ireland, and Wales, and for Glasgow against Edinburgh, Sheffield, and London in the days when the inter-city matches took the place of League contests. He has delightful memories of these games when the Cleggs, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. P. M. Thornton, Lieut.-Colonel Lyons, Bishop (now the famous inspector of the Board of Trade who holds inquiries into railway accidents), and the Brothers Walters used to take part. These gatherings attracted the greatest crowds of the season, and were the tit-bits of the programme.

He appeared for the St. Bernard's Club when it won the Scottish Cup, a matter of fifteen years ago, and he has also had the rare distinction of playing for the two greatest amateur clubs in the world.

PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE.

The Corinthians, who always used to play a match at Queen's Park on New Year's Day, would have no one else to referee for them, and it was the deplorable split which prevented this series of attractive matches being continued.

Mr. Robertson had the best of all training, a long and varied football career, and helped to form the Blackburn Rovers, for whom he used to play. For nearly a quarter of a century he assisted the "Rovers" in various ways, and during the time he was playing for them represented Lancashire against London. After breaking down through an

accident on the ice he commenced refereeing, and was referee in all classes of football from Sunday-school teams to International matches and Cup finals.

The Football League have very great reliance on his judgment, and used to select him to take charge of games where there was a lot at stake or local rivalry ran somewhat keenly. He has, indeed, been "the autocrat of the football field," but is the best liked man that ever blew a whistle. Mr. Robertson is very versatile in his tastes, and is equally at home whether addressing a P.S.A. or a Sunday-school, or as a local preacher. He is a total abstainer and non-smoker, and a vice-president of the Football Association.

"PAT."

When the "Old Boys" broke away from the F.A. they took with them Pat Harrower, one of the truest-hearted gentlemen that ever held the whistle. A native of Broughty Ferry, he commenced to play the Rugby game and gained his International cap while with the London Scottish.

Then, having achieved the greatest possible success, he turned his attention to the Association game, and has played for some of the best clubs. He has conducted the University match and has a long array of distinctions. He is the man for all the important matches of the F.A., and now that they have commenced playing Internationals, he has an undisputed claim to officiate.

Mr. Harrower is one of the most sociable of men; he can always be seen in the City, and his cheery smiles as he leaves his office in Lime Street are reciprocated by all, for he is the recipient of good wishes wherever he goes. His defection to the Old Boys was deeply regretted, and, if the breach is ever healed, his return will give general satisfaction.

"NEW BLOOD."

The last two or three seasons have shown that there are a number of very good men who are "knights of the whistle." Mr. J. T. Howcroft is recognised as a very efficient man, for whom the highest possible honours are reserved. Mr. A. E. Farrant, of Bristol, is another whose presence always inspires confidence, and players know better than to attempt to take the slightest liberty with him, for they have found that there is no recalling a decision.

Mr. W. Chadwick, of Blackburn, Mr. C. C. Fallowfield, of Streatham, and Mr. A. Green, of West Bromwich, have also excellent records, and the latter is one of the most frequently engaged League men. Mr. T. Kirkham, of Burslem, has also taken charge of the Cup Final, but does not seem very anxious about engagements. Many English players preferred to play under his rule, and he certainly managed to give complete satisfaction. There are many others, but there is still ample room for promising talent.

WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

JUSTICE.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

The woman sat with her elbows on her knees and stared into the fire in silence.

The man kept his gaze fixed on the top of her bent head.

"It is as easy as laughing," he said at length.

"Easy," she mocked him, "to rob and betray."

"You make a great fuss over a trifle," said the man.

"This is no trifle. The people you want to injure did you many a good turn, and I will be no party to it." She rose as she spoke, and faced him, a fine scorn on her pale, handsome face.

"You'll do as I tell you," he snarled, "or this shall be the end, as far as you and I are concerned."

"Then it shall be the end."

She spoke calmly, and the man was aware that she meant what she said.

"Kate," he said, and there was that in his voice that reminded her of those meetings in the woods near her old home, and she allowed herself to listen to the voice of the tempter for the second time in her life.

He knew the way to her heart, and as she had trusted him before in her innocence, so now she consented to share his guilt.

The proceeds of that robbery seemed to form the foundation of a successful career. So crime cheats the beginner.

Kate, except when conscience took her by the throat in the lonely nights, and forced her to hear the truth, revelled in the luxuries and the pleasure her companion showered upon her.

But there were times when she knew that she was only waiting for the turn of the tide.

The luck changed, and the fruits of passion palled on the man's palate.

"I'm off to the States," he informed her one evening. "No, not *you*," he added, seeing her glance towards the travelling trunk in the corner. "This means the end, my girl."

And it did, for before the dawn was grey he had left her, taking every article of value he could lay his hands on, and leaving her nothing but the shreds of her womanhood and the beauty that had already been her ruin!

* * * * * * *

A gaily-lighted café, and a man and a woman seated at one of the tables near which an obsequious waiter hovered attentively—the man so obviously a pigeon, the woman so obviously a night-bird.

The man laughed and paid her compliments, at which she smiled mockingly, yet he was young enough to be speaking the truth.

But such women as she are brought up on lies; how can they distinguish?

When the dawn came and the man came to his senses, there was not much left that he had valued—even his self-respect had left him!

So the night-bird paid off an old score, as is the way with Nature, on a victim who was innocent, as far as she was concerned.

* * * * * * *

Years have gone by since Kate lived in a country cottage and believed in a man's love.

The night is dark, the neighbourhood sordid in the extreme; the hour is late.

From the public-houses come strains of vulgar revelry, and every now and then full stops are put to it by the violent ejection of the noisiest of the performers.

A woman rushes out of a house close by.

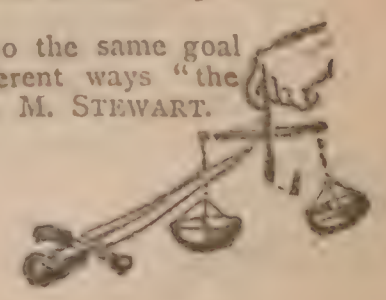
She begins to dance a variation of the Vampire dance on the wet pavement to the accompaniment of evil laughter and obscene jests.

A man in blue appears and after some little trouble and resistance on her part she is walked off stationwards. The procession passes another—only this time it is a man.

They recognise one another after all this lapse of time.

Inexorable justice leads both to the same goal—both having reached by different ways "the lowest deep."

A. M. STEWART.



Where Men Forgather

LVI. THE BARRACKS.

Whenever I hear anyone railing against Tommy Atkins in general because he has seen one of his comrades on the loose, or ripping, ranting, roaring tight, I always remember the remark of a redcoat friend of mine, who one dull afternoon summed up the appearance of his habitation, the barracks, and his *belle vue*, the barrack-yard, in one sentence, "Ain't it enough to drive a bloomin' man to drink?"

From the shelter of the archway by the high gates I looked across that yard, and I was forced to admit he was right. It was then mid-afternoon of a dreary March day. The wind swept across its desolate waste, there were puddles where the drain in the middle of the gravelled yard had become stopped up, the cord of the flagstaff whipped against the wood, and somewhere in the recreation room over the way, another depressed son of Mars was delivering Mr. Chirgwin's "Poor Blind Boy" with ultra-dismal effect. The general atmosphere of the place would have discouraged no one from committing suicide.

Yet it was the only complaint my friend Tommy made. The rest of his remarks were of the most hilarious description. He averted his gaze from the barrack-yard and went on to talk of sunnier climes and cheerier garrisons, "p-yah-dog" shoots in India, amorous Burmese adventures, little dusts-up south of Cairo, and such genial things until—he almost made me enlist!

SUBLIME CONTENT.

As there is nothing in the world quite so discontented as the discontented soldier, there is no more superlative monument of true content than the contented soldier. Naturally you find both kinds in the barrack-yard, and (thank heaven) the latter predominate.

On "off" afternoons it is always a very smart Tommy Atkins that we see swaggering across the barrack-yard carrying that "walking-out" cane which is the laughing-stock of all Continental officers.

One of Tommy's chief amusements at home is walking up and down the streets when out of barracks, and giving the girls a treat. For this purpose he wears a wonderful "quiff," and sets his cap at the angle considered fashionable by his regiment, but *not* by his sergeant.

NO MORE GLOVES.

One sergeant I knew never allowed the men to carry one glove and wear the other. They had either to wear them both or not take them out at all. Now, so rooted was the prejudice of fashion in that particular regiment that not one man in ten would either carry or wear his gloves after that.

The recreation room at the barracks is often the scene of much enjoyment in the winter months. I have been (by great privilege) often invited to the performances given by regimental dramatic clubs, those clubs that are run by the "Tommies" themselves.

Tommy himself is largely librettist, and writes his own lyrics with "local" allusions—very personal sometimes—and they are set to the music of, say, a popular pantomime song.

Once, when I marvelled at the metrical precision of an obviously barrack-born verse, a corporal by my side reminded me that many "literary men" of small attainments, finding no market for their wares, are driven at last to joining the Army, where their work meets with the keenest appreciation at the dramatic club's shows. A rehearsal which I saw under similar auspices ranks among the most humorous things I ever witnessed.

A Tommy who was cast for the part of a lady, walked across the hastily-improvised stage with such a mincing gait that the gentleman who was cursing "her" for ruining his life and wrecking his home, fell in paroxysms upon the neck of the sergeant stage-manager.

But "it came right on the night." The farce was a huge success. As a matter of fact, so is nearly everything produced in the recreation room, for all the soldiers I have known seemed to form, when strictly within barracks, a sort of mutual admiration society, and encouraged one another to do many good things—and a few devilish ones, of which no matter, as they were few and far between.

CAVALRY RECREATIONS.

In the barracks of a cavalry regiment that I was privileged to visit just lately, I found that a "dust-up" with the gloves was a very popular form of amusement. In prearranged fights the preliminaries were most grave affairs, all etiquette regarding seconds and so on being very stringently observed.

A day or two previous to my first visit the regiment had won a "big" military football cup. The man who shot the two goals was pointed out to me in accents and gestures of great awe. He was to them almost as much of a hero over that achievement as (I found afterwards) he had been considered when, at Omdurman, he gallantly rescued a fallen comrade from death at the hands of savage fanatics.

Soldiers are very much like the Great British Public. A new craze is very infectious. I have seen strong men sitting down to play a game called "nibs"—an amusement I was [illegible] of when at a preparatory school. "Check," played with buttons upon differently-coloured squares of cloth, is also peculiar to the barrack-room.

The same men who played "nibs" and "check," however, were bronzed with tropical suns, and some carried little mementos such as bullets that had been taken from various parts of their person. They will tell you, however, that "the beggars 'ad to pay for that"—and you can quite believe it. It's the aim in another of Tommy's games.

Yet, for all the fun one sees in Tommy after the "dismiss," the most casual observer of the pass-show in barrack-rooms or barrack-yards cannot fail to be struck with one thing—the Army is no place for slackers in any degree, and certainly not for sensitive young men who are not thoroughly prepared to rough it.

SAD, BUT TRUE.

It is not a pretty side of the picture to you who sit in your good homes and hear nothing stronger than a mild "damn" from the "old man" when somebody upsets the contents of the kettle over his foot; but it is nevertheless true. The "language" in most barrack-rooms is particularly bad and, often enough, the horse-play and practical joking extremely crude.

But we cannot expect namby-pambyism in a gunner, or a picking of Addisonian English in fighting men.

I once asked an old soldier to describe to me exactly how he felt in the battle of Elandslaagte.

"I never swore so much in all m' life!" he said. It was the one impression upon his brain regarding that famous field. He was one of the best-hearted, freest men whom I have ever been privileged to meet.

Nevertheless, a man addicted to "picking his words" (as the old soldier would put it) would never have stood his company longer than five minutes.

THE QUALIFICATIONS.

It seems to me that a man who would join the Army must first of all satisfy himself that, in addition to a strong body, he has none of those [illegible] day ailments of degenerating mankind which are classified broadly under the heading "nerves."

For all that, Tommy Atkins, in spite of [illegible] language and crude jokes, is at heart the best and finest of men, as a thousand hard-won battlefields prove, but when you meet him it is essential that you should treat him as a *man*.

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards, too,
But single men in barracks most remarkably like you."

Mr. Rudyard Kipling says this of soldiers—of course, it *must* be true! Peter Gilchrist.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of The Modern Man League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge. (Actual Size)

THE MAN-WITH-FIVEPENCE

A SKETCH.

By S. Morse Chaplin.

The first thing he remembered, on awaking, was that fivepence was all that now remained to him with which to continue his fight against the world.

He was young enough to be cynical, even towards himself, and as he turned over to face the window he indulged in a little smile. Judging from the grey light outside, the hour was early, so that he had plenty of time to lie thinking it over.

Besides, as, for the nonce, he was a man of leisure, there would be no particular hurry to get up at all.

It was almost from force of habit that his mind turned to this matter of finance as soon as his consciousness became aware of another day. It had been doing the same thing now for more than a month past—first the amount of money he had left, then how much he had spent the day before, then a comparison with the sum which comprised his capital when he had lost his berth, and lastly the reflection that if something did not turn up very soon he would be in the peculiarly unenviable condition known as "dead broke."

Well, unless those few coppers took unto themselves magical recuperative properties that day it looked as though the unromantic finale would be attained.

It was certainly a situation requiring some leisure for reflection. He was rather glad he had awakened early. Fivepence was a sum deserving solemn consideration when it represented the total amount of cash in hand.

The phrase, he smiled again to think, was business-like—reminiscent of the days when he had been in receipt of a regular salary per week, which luxury he had quite failed to appreciate until it was gone—and his study of the problem must be business-like too.

It was absurd to listen to the pertinacious inner voice striving to interrupt his thoughts with throbbing stories of alarm.

* * * * * * *

There was, to begin with, the landlady, whose bill for rent and breakfasts was due on the morrow.

He was rather uncomfortable about the landlady. So far he had managed to pay her all right, but he strongly doubted her tolerance of any shortcoming. She had a formidable manner and a merciless eye. It was impossible not to feel that past experience with her lodgers was responsible for both. She was also unpleasantly punctual with the bill, and her fat arms were generally bare to the elbow.

He dismissed the mental picture.

Then the fivepence! It stood without question for a meal, perhaps two. This was borne forcibly upon him by the fact that he wanted his breakfast.

One of the most awkward features of the affair was that he was perpetually hungry. It was a curious thing, too, that when he had eaten, the sense of emptiness was still there. Perhaps, after all, it was the gnawing of anxiety.

He couldn't tell; but he knew that of late the prospect of a meal had been intensely more important than the prospect of securing employment.

He had given up wasting stamps in vain applications for berths.

It was ridiculous, because it was so short-sighted. It suggested that he had given up the struggle, that he was waiting for the end, which also was ridiculous.

He had not arrived at despair just yet, nor would he be so long as he had health and strength.

Yet the fact that tortured was that he owned health and strength and was unable to use either, while day by day his little horde dwindled and dwindled, and he was forced to fight grimly and unfalteringly against his courage dwindling with it.

That persistent inner voice throbbing with alarm!

What if he should never get work again? He might not, nay, surely would not, if he gave way to the stealthy thought which was creeping insidiously over him that his days of usefulness were done. Once let him believe that, and he was lost. It meant he had reached the end of endeavour.

But what could a man do who owned no clothes but those he stood up in, and possessed nothing in the world but fivepence?

For the past fortnight the only meals he had tasted which held any pretensions to the name were the breakfasts provided by his landlady for which her charge was sixpence. That was three-and-sixpence a week, tacked on to five shillings for the room—eight-and-sixpence all told. The breakfasts would cease to-morrow unless he could pay, and he would be turned out into the streets to starve.

Fivepence against eight-and-six!

What in the name of fortune was the good of fivepence?

* * * * * * *

The weary hours of the day were dragging to a close, and still he had found no answer to the question. The odd feature of it was that he could not bring himself to part with even one of his five precious pennies.

He was on the brink of doing so more than once. At the free library he came across several advertisements of vacant situations for which he would have liked to apply, but the addresses of the advertisers were not given, and he grudged laying out his last little all on such unsubstantiality as postage stamps.

There were cook-shops into whose windows he gazed longingly, at whose doors he stood sniffing; but the demon uncertainty glued his feet to the threshold, telling him that so long as he held on to his fivepence he was always sure of at least one meal, whereas if he spent it there would be nothing to look forward to at all.

And midnight found him on a seat on the Embankment, still prisoned in the grip of indecision, worn out in body, but with a sneering soul.

His fivepence had mastered him. It was stronger than his courage. He dared not part with it, because then he would be destitute. Yet it roused self-loathing in him to think that his worth, his pride, were less than his own meagre possessions.

A hoarse voice broke in on his bitter reverie. A dilapidated object beside him on the seat was commiserating with him for being down on his luck.

The man with fivepence listened and said nothing. The object proceeded to anathematise society, the cold, life, the law, his own distress, and the sanguinary futility of a man who was down ever expecting to get up again.

He was particularly eloquent about his distress and wound up with a wheedling remark that he supposed his companion "couldn't 'elp a cove to get a cup o' cawfee."

"Are you hungry?" said the man with fivepence suddenly.

"Bli'me! Am I hungry!" exclaimed the object with exaggerated facetiousness. "Neow, I dined at the Savoy, I did. Just takin' a constertootional, I am. Don't I look like it?"

On the impulse the other brought out his fivepence, and held it in his palm under the object's eyes.

"See that?" he said. "Want it?"

"Bli'me!" said the other peering. "Enough for a doss as well!" Then he became advisory. "Yer keep it," he said, "and don't act bloomin' sawft!"

"D'you want it?" insisted the other.

His tone was nasty, not at all suggestive of the philanthropist.

"If I thought yer warn't kiddin'——"

A penny tinkled on the pavement.

The object swooped down on it, and then stared at his companion, fully convinced he was weak-minded.

Another penny was thrown.

This time the occupant of the far-end of the seat sprang after it. Between him and the object there was a scramble.

The man who had thrown the coins laughed through his clenched teeth.

"Go on, you swine, grovel for it!" he said, and with a savage movement he flung the rest at them.

Laughing again, this time with relief, he went away.

SIMPLE-MINDED MEN.

Sometimes you will hear men talking of another man who is absent, and perhaps one of them will say something like this, "Oh, poor old Dickson does make me laugh. You can stuff him up so easily. He believes everything you tell him!"

Dickson evidently comes under the category of simple-minded men, and the unbiassed listener who chances to overhear such humorous descriptions of his credulity is fain to sympathise with the absent one, and to put him down as being probably a jolly good sort.

The man who believes the "crams" that his smart friends dispense to him is not necessarily a fool. He is probably a well-bred man, who sees no reason to question the other's veracity, and, indeed, does not wish to insult him by doing so. So he says surprisedly, "Is that a fact?" and is laughed at behind his back for a "juggins."

But the men who laugh are more than "juggins." They are by way of being cads—and by no means clever ones, either.

After all, it is the simple-minded chap who wins all hearts, and who makes the most friends. To make friends is better in the long run than to earn a reputation for sharpness.

A CRICKET TIP.

Although no doubt by the time these lines appear in print cricket will not have asserted its sway completely throughout the country, nevertheless it is certain that hundreds of keen club captains will be summoning as many of their men as they can muster to Saturday afternoon net practice of a rigorous order.

And it is equally certain that a very large percentage of these ardent cricketers will suffer at first from a very common cricket complaint, torn finger-nails. We all know that if a man catches a fast ball without drawing his hands back as the ball enters them, he will probably split the hand which meets the ball; but the torn finger-nail is from an entirely different cause. It is because the catcher has allowed his nails to grow too long.

Always remember to cut your nails as short as you can before a match or net practice, and then it will be impossible for the fastest ball to tear them.

A SKETCH.

THE JONAH HAT

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I have the bill before me as I write.

It is inscribed in the Addisonian style so peculiar to the Bond Street establishments—one must not say "shops"—and it represents the one extravagance of my youth that, until lately, remained unpaid for. I leave you to imagine the pedantic, copper-plate heading and the printed note that "overdue accounts are charged at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum"—an intimation that led me to believe that Messrs. H—— would not be unduly surprised if they had to wait a year or so for the money. This is the item as inscribed thereon by the ultra-respectful manager, who treats dukes like gentlemen and gentlemen like dukes:

"*A green felt hat in the Tyrolean style, £1 11s. 6d.*"

It was a thing of beauty. I say "was," for it is nearly three years since it passed from my possession. I did everything possible to beautify it, even to begging two small pheasant feathers from a poulterer to fit artistically in it, just allowing them to peep in their iridescent splendour above the middle of the green Petersham bow on the left hand side.

I lived at the time in a provincial town where "The Boy in the Street" is a far more potent critic than the mystic "Man."

The Boy in the Street put it very simply.

"Where did you git that 'at?" he asked me, and various editions of him yelled it at me across wide squares and narrow byways . . . always the same query expressing a burning curiosity on the subject.

It was a good hat, and worth quite half the money I owed for it, for nothing permanently injured it. It survived a well-aimed snow-ball that knocked it off my head, and it was trampled on in a fair in vain.

I started out driving one morning beneath a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. When the blizzard attacked me five miles from anywhere, it flew off and found a resting place in a puddle.

I rescued it with difficu ty. The mud brushed off easily when it was dry, and it was the same verdant glory again. When riding in a friend's motor-car three months after, the police, unable to recognise us by our mud-bespattered number, proved their case on my hat, and my friend was fined heavily.

After that I offered it in vain to a sporting friend of mine for five shillings.

He tossed me half a crown or nothing and won; then his fiancée gave him up, and not one of his investments came off successfully.

But it was he who discovered the secret of it all.

"This," he said, "is an unlucky dam' thing—a Jonah hat."

With these words he threw it into the cupboard in a spare bedroom where he kept his Yeomanry accoutrements. I heard nothing more of the hat until a friend of his who was "connected with the Turf" had been and gone.

Previous to a mounted drill I was going to help him to clean up his things. We went to the cupboard.

"Old Charlie's inspanned that hat!" said my friend.

He had. We searched high and low for it, but not a trace of it could we see.

"Well, that's a bit of luck!" said my friend with evident satisfaction. "Let's hope things 'll be a bit better in my line now."

I, too, heaved a sigh of relief. The Boy in the Street had varied his former query anent the address of my hatters to "Where *is* your 'at?"

My conscience no longer troubled me about the thing. It was not even in the town—but doubtless an object of comment and admiration in Tattersall's wherein Charlie Chanter was a well-known, not to say fine, figure.

Having recovered from the blows dealt at Lincoln and Liverpool, the big race-goers assembled on the beauteous downs at Epsom, each one possessing as usual the "cinch." It was Velocity's year, I remember, but, with the kind permission of Fate, I would far rather it had been another's name inscribed upon the roll of City and Suburban winners.

Somehow in the throng I missed Charlie Chanter, and inquiries for him from a gentleman who was high upon the list of winning jockeys that year only elicited the reply that "Greenhat" had gone dead broke.

My informant vaguely waved those hands of his that held such command over thoroughbreds' mouths. One does not ask too many questions of a leading jockey, lest one hears only the judicious fabrications of a brain fertilised by lifelong contact with the gentry of the Turf, who, because Truth is naked, it seems, are chary of being caught in her company.

The earlier races of that eventful day being over, I occupied the three-quarters of an hour that preceded the City and Suburban by rambling around the smaller rings looking for one who answered to the name of Charles Chanter and wore a green hat.

The name elicited no information, but when I described the hat to a Knight of the Silver Ring I was at once put on his track and incidentally upon Epsom's, for it appeared that Charles had fallen so low that he had to pursue his punting business upon the open course—a sad thing for a racing regular, even in that most precarious of all professions

As I strolled along, something in my line of vision caused my eyes to flicker involuntarily. It was *the* colour. . . .

Two seconds later I was shaking hands with a somewhat nervous Charles Chanter—a Charles Chanter, Tyrolean-hatted, and, barring the fact that he did not look so sleek as heretofore, not badly groomed.

Charles never was anything if not picturesque.

"You see me in evil case," he said, "for fortune frowns. Mayhap this day she will smile upon me ——"

"Oh, dry up, Charles," I said, "and stow the patter!"

"Ah, they say I've been a bit off my crumpet lately—others observe that I want a bit *taken* off it." He touched the hat significantly. "Now just tell me what is the matter with that hat! I call it dressy and, look here——"

Mr. Chanter showed me the name of my hatters duly emblazoned inside beneath a ducal coat of arms.

"You wouldn't think this belonged to one of the Rothschilds once, would you?" he asked me in a confidential whisper.

"No," I said, "considering that the last time I saw it it was lying amongst the saddlery in a spare-bedder cupboard——"

Mr. Chanter smiled.

"It's no use," he said. "I shall never make a tale-pitcher unless I go in for a system of memory trainin'. Yours once? Well, that makes you out to be Rothschild accordin' to me, doesn't it? But I'm beginnin' to believe that it would bring the fortunes of the Rothschilds a-scatterin' in the dust. When I come to remember that only one winner have I touched since I borrowed this from our mutual friend, I begin to think (though *I'm* not superstitious, mind you!) that it's a——"

"Jonah hat," I interposed.

"Got it in once, laddie. Seein' *you* sort of connects things up, and I put two and two together. Lincolnshire Handicap day saw me with the best of 'em in Tatt.'s. The City and Sub—only the third big 'un of the year—finds me on the cold and cheerless open course tryin' to hang it out. Boy, I'm not pitchin' the tale. It's *all* down to-day, and if fortune don't grin on me then——"

Charlie Chanter shrugged his shoulders.

"I shall have to go back to London and find work," he went on, sadly. "But otherwise it's Tatt.'s again. Tatt.'s and a square up all round! But I hain't much faith in my luck; so its only buildin' castles in the air, after all. This very mornin' I went and pawned a little family heirloom. I hung on to it to the very last, but it was my only chance of havin' a bit of ready on a *very* strongly fancied candidate to-day. . . .

"What straits do you think I was reduced to yesterday? Why, by the time the second race was over I hadn't a rap, not a ruddy brown. But there was a new bookie in the silver ring who had always had his eye on this hat, and, knowin' Van Twiller was fancied by his trainer, I sought all ways to raise a bit to have on. Do you think there was one kind soul to be found on all Epsom Downs? *Not* likely!

"But I was a desperate man. Just as the tapes went up I says to the new metallician: 'Here, five half-quids to one—*this*,' and handed him my hat.

"'You're on,' said he takin' my hat and giving me a brief in exchange, 'I like this hat,' he says, 'it's nice and distinguished lookin'. Your client can always find you!'

"'Don't you be so sure you've got it,' says I.

"'I'm so sure,' he says, 'that Van Twiller won't win that I'm goin' to put it on *now!*'

"And, chuckin' down his usual chapeau, he did so with a grin.

"Now I'm a proud man by nature. Kiddin' I'd lost my hat in the crowd, I retired behind the back of the stands to await results, all of a tremble.

"I didn't much care if I did lose that confounded hat, and two-ten meant a good deal to me just then.

"When I heard the roar, 'Van Twiller wins in a blankety walk!' I knew what had done it.

"But, as the poets say, it had hardly subsided when I received an awful shock.

"It was the metallician dartin' round the back of the stands extra quick.

"I tried to stop him. But he merely flung me my hat.

"'I overlaid Van Twiller,' he hissed, and (again as the poets say) continued on his mad career.

"I picked up my hat and brushed it. Then a whole bloomin' horde rushed round the corner.

"'There he is!' they yelled. 'Him with the green hat on!'——"

At the recollection Mr. Chanter's eyes sparkled.

"By gosh," he said fervently, "it took a posse of police to save me and no end of corroborative evidence before *they* gave up their intention of takin' me in charge as a welsher! Yet, you see, I stick to this green hat. *I'm* not superstitious——"

Just then the press of the crowd became very insistent, as the bell had rung to clear the course. We found ourselves lifted off our feet.

Suddenly a thin hand darted out from somewhere behind us and neatly annexed Charlie's headgear. It was no use trying to turn and catch the thief. The crowd was so dense that even Charles and I got parted in two streams of humanity flowing in different directions.

* * * * * *

Some few minutes later Velocity cantered home with the City and Suburban, having kicked all his serious opponents at the post by way of preliminary.

It was a hatless Charles Chanter who pushed through the throng in the paddock to greet me, his pocket bulging with obvious bank-notes, which he was careful to keep his hand very tightly.

"Boy," he cried, "Fortune's turned at last. It's—Tatt.'s!"

BY THE HORSE POND

A SKETCH.

Over in the West, the red sun was sinking, and dusk was already hazing the distance.

Silhouetted against the sky was the old Battle Cross that marked a bygone field of renown. The cross stood upon an eminence in the hedge. A flock of sheep browsed or rested by its base, an eloquent tribute to the benefits of peace.

I strolled down hill to the pond by the back of the farm's outhouses. Somewhere a dog barked in the void, and nearby the fowls in their roosts were clucking and settling down to sleep.

A quiet charm reigned over all.

I sat on a gate by the pond and puffed slowly at my briar.

The red sun had disappeared below the high ridge, and the outline of the Battle Cross was even lazier now.

From a field beyond the pond there came the sound of heavy galloping, and the calls of the farmers who were driving the great Shire horses to water.

The high hedging obscured my view, but ere long the leader had clumped awkwardly down to the edge of the pond. Splashing mightily, his great hoof made miniature pools in the fringe of mire. Once he tossed his coarse-shaped, rugged-browed head, sniffed in the cool breeze of evening, and then, dipping his nose, he commenced to drink.

Slowly another leviathan followed him, his hoof sinking deep. At that awkward amble he came until I felt glad that my gate was on the other side of the pond.

Soon there were six white diamond-blazed great heads bowed by the water's edge, and the ever-widening liquid rings were breaking into tiny shimmering wavelets upon my side of the little lake.

Thus I watched these relics of the old equine stability drink, while I smoked on peacefully.

Only that sound intruded upon the mellow calm of the evening now, and the languid festoons of my tobacco-smoke were the only clouds against the ever-darkening blue that reflected upon the surface of the pool.

I confess that something of the outer world was creeping through my brain—a chance sentence from a chance-read book. Somehow it had got mixed with much other lumber. . . . "The Great Horse which carried knights in tourney and in battlefields, must not only have been pretty heavy to enable them to carry mailed riders, but must have been troubled 'with the slows' also, or no knight would have survived atournament. Practical evidence, this, that the ancestor of the modern cart horse was used in war."

As I sat and mused upon this, I heard the farm hands calling to the horses. Lifting their heads, they ceased from their drinking.

Out of the ever-darkening haze I heard a groom from a neighbouring hunting stable throw out a jest.

"Them 'osses o' yourn are troubled wi' the staggers, b'ain't they?" he said. "Seem a long time a-comin' to your call."

But the leader, who first had come to water, was splashing and scrunching his way through the mire now, the younger horses following him in single Indian file.

Mounted on the back of each a ploughman or wagoner had seated himself, and the cavalcade rolled heavily down the hill, very slowly, very solemnly.

I saw them pass by the Battle Cross, that showed against the inky blue-black.

In the uncertain dusk these men might well have been the knights of old—if one did not trouble to search the grey too closely.

As for the horses, I caught myself thinking of those ancestors of theirs who, carrying mailed knights, had fallen mayhap within a half-mile radius of that very Cross.

The last of the cavalcade passed over the eminence beyond my line of vision . . . and I discovered that my pipe was out—that night had cast its mantle upon the Horse Pond.

Something prompted me to make my way past the Battle Cross on my homeward journey.

The night was dark, and I was close upon the monument before I saw it.

Bowing my head, I made a silent prayer that if dear old England ever stood in need of men there would be those forthcoming who would not disgrace their ancestors who had fallen on that lonely spot.

S. B. WORSFOLD.

"THE NIGHT BEFORE."

Have you ever been down to play in a very important football match in which you were as keen as mustard to distinguish yourself? You have? Well, it's a fiver to a shilling that the night before was an awful experience for you. You dreamed that you had the ball at your toes and a clear field before you, but—your foot was chained to the ground!

Or perhaps you were going to ask your "boss" for a "rise." Well, the night before you saw yourself standing helpless in his sanctum while his hand moved nearer, nearer still, to his heavy ruler! Yes; those "nights before" are worse than a visit to the dentist!

TRIALS OF THE M.C.C. TEAM.

The M.C.C. team has unquestionably been doing badly in South Africa, but people who deduce from the triumphs of the South Africans the decadence of English cricket are talking through their hats—or, to put it more politely, they forget the special difficulties our men have to contend with.

First of all there is the South African climate, which, though many Englishmen thrive on it, certainly does not agree with everybody. Blythe, for example, has not been really fit since he landed. In Johannesburg the dust storms are exceedingly trying, the dust taking the form of fine and highly-irritating grit, blown from the huge "tailings," the refuse heaps of the mines.

In Natal the new-comer often suffers from "Natal sores." I don't know what causes them, but I do know that in Natal if you get a slight cut or scratch you are very liable to develop what I believe is called a rodent ulcer. Anyway, your scratch develops into a sore. You get that healed only for it to break out in another place, and so it goes on all over your body, and in severe cases death sometimes ensues. Probably it is a form of blood poisoning caused by germs peculiar to Natal, for a change of climate invariably cures "Natal sores."

Then, of course, our men are badly handicapped by the cocoa-nut matting pitches, and some cricketers never really get accustomed to them.

Fielders, too, are handicapped by the grassless ground, while the glare of the South African grounds is very trying to English eyes.

Naturally, the South Africans meet with similarly upsetting conditions when they come over here, but then some at least of them are Englishmen and can soon adapt themselves to the conditions of their boyhood.

CHICKEN-REARING.

A PROFITABLE INDUSTRY.

The demand for fine, fat English chickens far exceeds the supply, and there is money to be made by rearing them for the table, while no very great experience is necessary.

If you are going in for chicken-rearing on a large scale, you will want an incubator, and as the manufacturer from whom you buy it will either explain its working or send you ample directions, I need not enlarge on incubators, except to say that they should be kept in a quiet spot, and that you should understand the taking and reading of temperatures.

But on a small scale you will go in for natural hatching, and a broody hen is the best machine. The number of eggs you allow her depends on her size, but fifteen is a fair number.

Incidentally, a Dorking cock running with half a dozen Indian game pullets will give the best chickens.

Your broody hen should be placed in a shed or out-house by herself if possible; anyway, make her nest-box, which should be without a bottom, as private as possible. The earth under her should be hollowed out so as to allow the eggs to incline to the centre.

Every morning she must come off or be lifted off the eggs for about a quarter of an hour to stretch and feed herself, and she should have as much grain as she will eat, and plenty of fresh water.

The period of incubation is twenty-one days, and after eight days you can, if you like, test the eggs by holding them between the eye and the light of a candle.

If fertile, there will be a circular spot floating at the top of the egg, held sideways, the top being surrounded by a cloudy substance showing blood-vessels.

If unfertile, the egg will be clear; if addled, dark and turgid.

The chicks when hatched require no food for twenty-four hours, and now I approach a subject of much controversy—the proper food for chickens.

Personally, I pin my faith to chopped hard-boiled eggs and breadcrumbs for the first three days, and after that an evening feed of meal-paste made with hot water and a little wheat or other grain; but I admit that such a high authority as the Board of Trade is dead against chopped egg and breadcrumbs.

One of the new systems is to feed with lukewarm bread-and-milk first thing in the morning, then dry-food mixture at intervals of two or three hours until four o'clock, when bread-and-milk is given, and another dry-food meal in the evening.

After a month the first meal is of "middlings" and barley-meal mixed with milk, and throughout the day fine chopped meat and good wheat.

In any case plenty of green food must be supplied, and there should be a good allowance of grit, broken egg-shells at first, and later road-scrapings or fine gravel.

Opinions differ greatly as to whether young chickens should have water at all times, or only occasionally. A safe rule from my experience is not to give water for the first five weeks if the chicks are being fed on soft food. With dry food a limited supply of water is necessary.

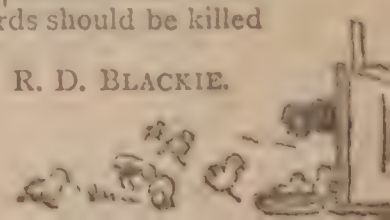
Now, are you going to fatten your chickens before killing or not? If you do, you will get double the price for them; if you don't you save a good deal of trouble and some expense.

For fattening chickens the best time to begin is when they are between three and four months old, and they should be placed in coops in a shed.

They are first kept fasting for twelve hours, and then fed twice daily on soft meal, which may be barley, pea, or maize-meal, or ground oats, mixed with skim milk, for a week, when you either cram them or make the food thicker, adding to it beef or mutton fat.

Neither water nor grain is necessary for chickens that are being fattened. The process takes three weeks, more or less, and the birds should be killed as soon as they are "ripe."

R. D. BLACKIE.



BILL LOGAN.

HOW HE TRIED TO RAISE THE WIND.

Bill Logan was stoney-broke.

There were pretty even bets that Bill would go under this time. Bill laughed, but it was no laughing matter; even he admitted it to himself.

The Pater had washed his hands, and not metaphorically either, of him.

Bill was a full-fledged medico; he had got his degrees all right, but the wildest youngster that ever raised the war-cry "Brown dog" would take a back seat when Bill Logan arrived on the scene.

Bill sat in his den, and cogitated with a pipe in his mouth and his feet raised above his head. Possibly he could think better that way.

"Pill-making won't do the trick," he said, as he pitched a most venerated medical magazine on the blazing coals. "That's certain. I'll have to do something else to lift the rhino!"

Bill did a lot of thinking—so much that his pipe went out, and his legs grew cramped and finally fell with a clatter into the fender among the fire-irons.

Then he gave up thinking.

The result of his brown study was a wire to his greatest chum: "Are you game for a spree?"

He prepaid the answer, which arrived in due course—an affirmative.

The next day Dick Cox turned up. Dick's father owned racing stables as well as Dick. Some people said the latter possession was a stroke of bad luck for the old man.

"Well?" remarked Dick.

"Great," answered Bill.

Then he spoke long and earnestly. Dick's face grew longer and longer as he listened.

"But, Bill," he urged, "you'll get into serious trouble."

"Don't care," said Bill. "I'm broke to the wide, and I'm going to raise the wind somehow."

Dick was silent. Then a dare-devil smile crossed his face.

"All right, old chap. I'm in it with you."

And the two shook hands and parted, Dick promising to get hold of a spanking team and a smart turn-out in the immediate future.

Bill refused several invitations during the next few days, saying that he was entered for the Neck or Nothing Stakes, and was in strict training.

In reality he was busy making up pills and draughts of mysterious materials, of which certainly the British Pharmacopœia takes no cognisance.

Dick telegraphed that he had got the rig-out, and Bill Logan disappeared from the scenes of his erstwhile labours.

* * * * * * *

Down the street of a little country town came a dashing equipage, with a pair of spanking greys, and accompanied by the strains of a horn, a drum, and a cornet, played alternately.

It stopped, and from the box seat the driver declared his willingness and ability to cure the good people of that little country town of all their ills.

Bill was something of an orator when he got to work, and in a very short time he had convinced the few loafers about the market-place that they were at death's door.

Naturally a crowd collected, and Bill Logan did a thriving trade in bread pills and coloured water.

Then he drove on, while Dick raised the echoes of the countryside with fantastic flourishes on the horn and triumphant bangs on the drum.

Their scheme was working even better than they had anticipated.

The next stopping-place drew a blank, however, and the county town proved worse.

Here they were haled up before the magistrates for creating a disturbance, and the presiding justice was an M.D. To the question as to what they were doing Bill replied: "Raising the rhino, otherwise the wind."

The Bench promptly fined him, and Dick went home with the team.

Bill Logan is reaping the whirlwind.

H. Wembley.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THE SABBATH.

You will doubtless remember that in a recent issue I printed an article in which my contributor—a man who has travelled widely, and had exceptional opportunities of studying the subject—endeavoured to show how absurd it is for us to contribute to foreign missions while we have so many at home who have never realised the comfort of religion, and who have, moreover, empty stomachs.

I was wholly with him in all he said.

From the time that article was published up to the moment of writing, I have received between eighty and a hundred letters from missionaries, from clergymen, and from wealthy laymen who have been deceived into contributing towards foreign missionary work, and who are unwilling to believe that their charity has been ill-advised.

I propose to deal particularly with one letter in which I am personally attacked. The writer is the secretary of a missionary organisation in the Midlands.

"Learn wisdom in time," is how he ends his epistle. "I have read your paper closely, and I believe you are too much devoted to sport to be a strict and regular church-goer. I fancy you are one of those who wrongly spend the Sabbath, and you have no right to criticise those who spend their time, and the money contributed by their supporters, in converting the heathen."

MY HUMBLE SELF AS A WICKED SINNER.

If strict Sabbath-keeping be the criterion of virtue, I must stand convicted at once. Sometimes I turn out on Sunday mornings in all the solemnity of frock-coat and topper to attend service at our village church, but equally often I worship in the greater church of Nature.

I have still to be convinced that I am wrong.

Sunday, I take it, is a day on which "Thou shalt not labour." I should obey this mandate literally if I could, but if I attempted to do so, I should have a nervous breakdown.

I have long since come to the conclusion that life is a thing full of compensations and drawbacks. One of the drawbacks from which I personally suffer is my inability to rest. To spend a Sunday doing nothing would make me ill; the only rest I have ever been able to find is a change of labour. On Sunday, as on any other day, I must be doing something. Sometimes I have been sorry that I happen to be the possessor of so much superfluous energy, and yet there comes in the compensation I spoke of, for it is probable that to this superfluous energy I owe what success I have had in business.

ONE PARTICULAR SUNDAY.

At the risk of offending strict Sabbatarians, I propose to sketch roughly the manner in which I spent the week-end from which I have just returned.

With two friends I went to Crowborough, which is the highest inhabited point in Sussex.

One is a young and sporting member of the Stock Exchange, and nothing is more distasteful to him than to be considered an outside broker; for that very reason we call him Buckets, and skilfully allude in the course of conversation to the bucket-shop which he certainly does not keep.

The other is a subaltern who takes terrific pride in the profession he has chosen, and he effects to have a supreme contempt for troopers in the Territorial force. His contempt is even stronger for those who, like Buckets, do no soldiering at all.

The journey down from town is not worth describing; we passed the time reading. It was on alighting at Crowborough Station that the interest of the week-end began.

A PLEASANT MEETING.

"There," said Tommy, indicating the young man who was collecting our tickets, "is another who wears your infernal badge. It seems impossible to get away from it."

My knowledge of railway matters is limited, and I do not know whether the young man in question was the booking-clerk or whether he was a ticket-collector only, but when I presented my ticket to him, I shook hands with him. I was, of course, wearing my own badge in my tie and there was no need for an introduction.

"You'll find things pretty dull at Crowborough," he said, "but there's just been a cab accident outside the station."

I suppose he regarded this as entertainment indeed, but I did not stop to argue the point with him. It occurs to me now that I forgot to tell him I was the Editor of the paper and the founder of the League whose badge he wore, and it is quite possible that that fact may not have struck him till the moment when he reads these lines.

The Saturday evening was uneventful, but the Sunday was typical of the manner in which I frequently spend the Seventh Day.

OVER THE HEATHER.

In the morning the three of us set off over the heather, down one hill and up the next. The country thereabouts is all pine trees, heather and gorse, and it would need an Easton-Grey to describe it. I shall not attempt to do so. I can only say that its effect on me was powerful. Here one could forget the cares of business.

We lost our way more than once, for it is not easy to steer an accurate course where there are no roads. Eventually on reaching the top of a hill, we sat down on a tree trunk to rest—at least, Buckets and I did so, while Tommy stood a few yards away and held his walking-stick in a fashion. He is very proud of that walking-stick because it is shod with an iron point for mountain climbing, and also because his commercial instincts were tickled by the fact that he was able to pick it up for eightpence on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. I bowled to him with my tobacco pouch as well as one can do when sitting.

When we began to find the damp tree trunk uncomfortable, we made our way further into the depths of the wood, and eventually we came upon a pond, which on a hot summer's day would have been extremely tempting. Apparently some enthusiast had already decided to take advantage of it, for a diving spring-board protruded from one edge. On the tip of this spring-board we each of us jumped in turn, although we were fully dressed, and although the water below it was very deep.

On leaving the pond we descended the hill, and at the bottom of it we discovered, or at least my boots did, a quagmire. There is an element of chalk in the soil, and the mud, when I managed to extricate myself, had changed my boots from black to the lightest cream colour. I washed them into a fairly respectable condition at a little stream, while Tommy, careful to get above me, dipped his hand in the water and refreshed himself.

BUCKETS AND THE BRIDGE.

While we two were thus engaged Buckets found a way across a ladder stream by means of stepping-stones, and when we looked up we found him standing at the far side inviting us to hurry. I was glad I had put on a pair of strong boots, for several of the stepping-stones were submerged. I was also glad that I had brought a change of clothing with me, for on several occasions it seemed highly probable that I should slip into the water, and my progress was the more difficult because I could not keep steady for laughing.

When Tommy and I had reached the other side, Buckets pointed out a bridge which was only twenty yards higher up, and which had been concealed from us by trees.

"I didn't see it till I got across myself," he said, "and, of course, I wasn't going to tell you."

Neither Tommy nor I could think of a crushing rejoinder, but we hoped to have our revenge on making Buckets hurry, a thing which he hates.

do; and so Tommy and I started racing one another up the side of the next hill, leaving Buckets to plod along in the rear.

I do not know whether you have ever tried it, but sprinting up a hill is not an easy job. I was the first to give in, and I signified my surrender by sitting down very suddenly on the turf, which was not over comfortable, as it was besprinkled with young gorse plants. Tommy was as glad to stop as I was, and he came over and sat down beside me. Across the valley a cow was browsing, and Tommy calculated as to whether it was 400 or 500 yards distant.

"Anyhow," I said, "one ought to be able to bring it down with a rifle."

"If I couldn't," said Tommy, "I'd—I'd eat this pair of bags." And he indicated the flannel trousers he was wearing. On the leg of one was a stain of rifle oil; he had told me the history of that stain before, for it got there when, in his Volunteering days, he was one of the runners-up for the King's Prize at Bisley.

We were both panting for breath, and we had hardly recovered it when Buckets made his deliberate approach. There is nothing worth recounting after that, except that we got home with terrific appetites and with a feeling of great physical fitness and content.

In the afternoon we went out again, and in the evening Tommy and I had yet a third walk. Buckets, with characteristic laziness, refused to put himself to the trouble of changing his slippers and once more putting on boots, and therefore he stayed indoors.

The country round about there doubtless accounted to a considerable extent for my pleasure, but I think it was due also to the way in which we took our week-end. For at least seven hours on that Sunday we were out of doors.

WERE WE SO VERY WICKED?

It was a mis-spent Sunday from the point of view of those who are strictly, if not broadly, religious, and I daresay that I shall stand convicted as a suitable subject for missionary endeavour on the part of those who have condemned me for printing that article on foreign missions.

And yet that evening I said my prayers as usual, and I should not be surprised to learn that Tommy and Buckets did the same.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A HINT FOR THE F.A.

The Cup-ties have been all too prolific in instances of foul play, and unless steps are taken to stamp out this growing evil, professional football will soon decline in popularity. The Football Association are apparently unable—assuming that they are willing—to cope with foul play and unsportsmanlike behaviour on the part of players in general, yet they have only to take a leaf out of the Rugby Union's book greatly to purify the "Soccer" game.

Law 3 (6) of the Rugby Union Rules provides in the case of rough or foul play or misconduct: "For the first offence he (the referee) shall either caution the player or order him off the ground; but for the second offence he must order him off. If ordered off, the player must be reported by him to this Union."

The Union also recommends referees to report even a player who has been merely cautioned.

Let the F.A. adopt this excellent rule, and then there would be an end to the ridiculous spectacle of a dirty player being cautioned three, and even four, times, and still being allowed to go on playing.

Another excellent Rugby rule is that which provides that if a referee thinks a player has been unfairly prevented from gaining a try he shall award a try as if it had been scored. Adopt this and there would be an end, too, to the prevalent practice in professional "Soccer" of fouling a man or otherwise deliberately breaking the rules as a last resource.

For fouls of this kind a free or even a penalty kick is no adequate punishment.

WHAT BILLY WAS FOR.

The teacher stood it as long as he was going to, and then he wrote a letter to the boy's mother.

"Dear Madam," he said, "I should feel very much obliged if you would induce your son William to pay more attention to personal cleanliness. I may say that he does not smell at all pleasantly."

On the following morning William handed to the teacher a note that his mother had written in reply.

"Dear Mister," it ran, "Billy ain't a blooming rose. What you've got to do is to learn 'im, not to smell 'im."

A QUERY.

It had been arranged that little Tommy should go fishing with his father, but the morning of their expedition was unsettled, and little Tommy's father decided that it would first be advisable to consult the weather forecast in the morning paper.

And so he turned up the "Daily Mail" and read "Fair, with possibly a few showers."

"Oh, well," he said "we'll chance it."

"Pa," said Tommy, "does God always tell the 'Daily Mail' what He is going to do?"

SOUND ADVICE.

The sporting artist had chartered a cab to drive him to London Bridge Station. He got there five minutes after his train had departed, and naturally was not very pleased about it.

"Cabby," he said, turning to his Jehu, "what do you call that thing between the shafts?"

"A horse, sir," said the cabby. "To be exact, a bay gelding."

"Well," remarked the sporting artist, "if I were you I should rub it out and draw it again."

THE POINT OF ERROR.

The bookmaker never carried an umbrella, and he did not think very much of those who did. He thought specially little of Jenkins, whose umbrella happened to get in contact with his eye as he walked along the Strand.

"Sir," said the bookmaker, "I wish you'd pay more attention to the way you carry your beautiful, ornamental, silk-covered umbrella." (That wasn't exactly what he said, but we put it that way as we learn that we have a few lady readers.)

"It nearly knocked out my eye."

Jenkins was a little man, and his manner was apologetic.

"I believe, sir," he said, "that you are mistaken."

"What the ———. Don't you suppose I ought to know when my eye is hurt?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Jenkins; "but you are in error in regard to the other part of your statement. The umbrella is not mine; I borrowed it."

EASTER CYCLING.

SOME HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER.

From Good Friday to Easter Tuesday morning thousands of us will be free to go, like the wind, whither we list. Within the limitations of speed the whole world is before us, and those who go awheel will be among the great company who will find this Easter their first taste of the open.

Work has been hard and unceasing since Christmas, and these few days have been beckoning for many weeks as we sat at desks, tied up parcels for other people to carry away, or added up pounds, shillings, and pence for others to spend.

But, in saying that the world lies before us, I would give a word of warning to the ardent cyclist as to the pitfalls he may encounter, and the discomforts he may be led into, if he goes blindly out upon the road without taking thought on many points.

First of all, the weather. No weather, even the worst, need prevent the cyclist from taking his holiday; but it should be remembered that the end of March is more likely to provide wintry than summery weather, and therefore the cyclist should modify his equipment accordingly.

The waterproof cape should not be left behind, nor should mud-guards (as is the custom with many riders in the summer) be taken off the machine. You may strike an area of wet weather and slushy roads.

These are but preliminaries. A point that all should remember is that at this time of the year only the main country roads are really likely to be in anything like good condition. Winter makes a quagmire of most country lanes, so that if the cyclist wants to avoid a very dirty ride he should, for Easter, plan his route on main roads.

The lure of the lanes is very strong, especially when they are just being enclosed with the new green of the "bread-and-cheese" of the hawthorn hedges. Take an old rider's advice and for the present holiday avoid them.

There is another excellent reason for this advice. So early in the year the byways and remote districts are not quite awake. The people have hardly been able to get ready for the casual traveller and cyclist. The consequence is that a man may get far afield and find the utmost difficulty in getting so much as a cup of tea, while the mere suggestion of a bed seems to strike them with blank amazement.

Further than this, even if one is successful in finding a decent shanty to sleep in and a good meal at the end of the day, there is an utter absence of congenial companionship. As the evenings are still dark, the need for something to do after sunset, when pleasantly tired after a day's riding, is one that should not be neglected when planning the Easter ride.

For this reason, therefore, I strongly advise fellow-wheelers to end up at a country town rather than at a village. There is no inducement in the night air of late March and early April to linger on stiles or gates after sunset, smoking the pipe of peace. There is still a keen chilliness in the air, and an occupation for these hours—such as a game of cards or billiards, or a comfortable read in a roomy armchair—is a boon and a blessing.

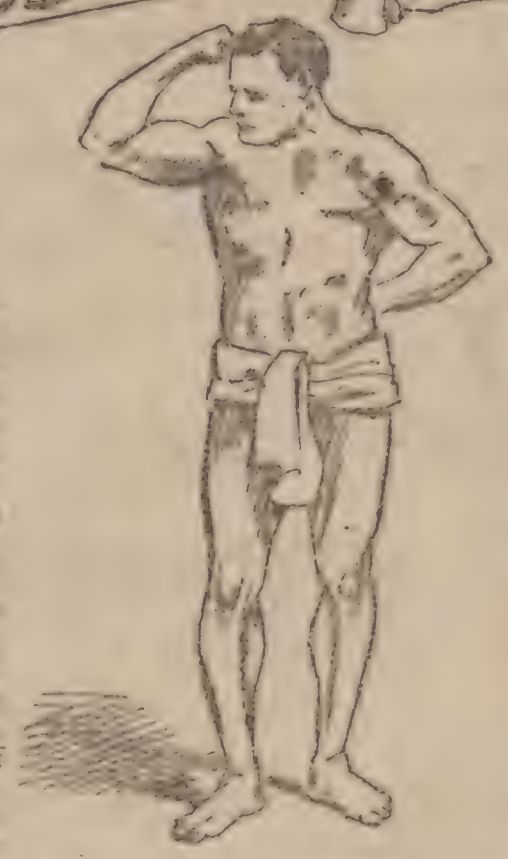
Without these the cyclist, cramped up in a cottage or a little village pub that does not usually accommodate the casual traveller, is apt to feel desperately bored and weary.

If you know a farm where you are welcome, of course the case is different. In a farm you will always get your warmest welcome. In the little town where more than half the people are also holiday-making and where you may expect to meet a large number of others who are strangers like yourself, there is, as a rule, no difficulty in chumming up and having a good time.

It is always a very amusing experience to stroll round the county town on Saturday night and watch the marketing. Then the place is crowded with natives from the surrounding villages, and the talk is soft and broad, and business, from the cheap-jack upwards, or "alongwards," is fast and furious—for the country.

REX FLEMING.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ROWING AND DEVELOPMENT.

About this time of year everybody goes more or less mad about the Boat Race, but in too many cases it is entirely an outside interest, and people look upon the crews very much as they do upon a racehorse or an aeroplane, and with about as much idea of how they work.

There is no reason at all why this should be so, and rowing is a sport that the general public, and especially the physical culturist, might well know more about from personal experience.

Neither from the point of view of expense or of accessibility is rowing impossible for the majority of men. Almost every town of any size has a river within reach.

A club is, of course, a necessity, for though a man may scull independently, he can only row in company with others, and the expense of providing boats can be greatly reduced by dividing it among many. "Eights," which are certainly expensive—£60 or so—to buy when new, can be obtained second-hand, but in good condition, for comparatively little from Oxford or Cambridge or any of the great rowing centres.

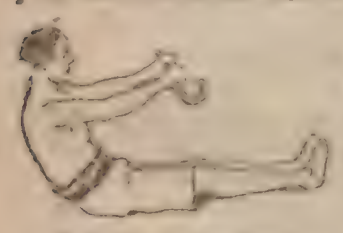
But if funds or the size of the river make eights impossible, fours or even pairs provide equally good exercise.

There is no sport which can develop the whole body so symmetrically, or which can give you exercise in so concentrated a form.

For the man whose afternoons are fully occupied, it is essentially a summer sport, but now that the evenings are becoming lighter I can do no better than recommend those readers who are looking round for fresh fields to conquer in the the athletic world, to take up rowing this summer.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

For this exercise you need a walking-stick or some sort of rod, or if you wish to make the work more difficult, and at the same time more beneficial, you can use a bar-bell if you possess one, or a rifle.



A fine body developer.

Lie at full length on your back on the floor, with the stick held in your two hands and resting on the front of your thighs. Now raise the stick until the arms are perpendicular, and then raise the body slowly until you are sitting up with the arms held straight out in front of you.

Pause a moment in this position, and then return slowly to the starting position.

The exercise is an admirable one for the muscles of the abdomen, and will tell on most of those of the upper part of the body.

AVOID SHOCKS.

"Nature abhors shocks as she does a vacuum," someone has written, and it is very true.

For the man who has some care for his bodily as well as his mental welfare, it is most essential that he should avoid shocks of all kinds, and one of the most easily met with is a sudden change of temperature.

Cold contracts the pores of the skin and dams up the ducts which lead the perspiration to the surface, and it must therefore find some internal outlet.

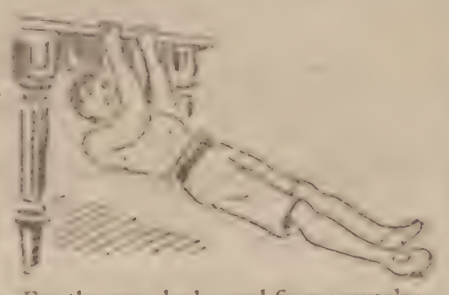
It is equally dangerous to come suddenly out of a warm building into the cold air, to leap suddenly out of bed in the morning, without giving the heart a chance to warm up to its work, or to jar the body unnecessarily in any way.

AN EXERCISE WITH A TABLE

The apparatus required for this admirable exercise for the whole body is a good strong table.

Lie flat on your back on the floor with only your head under the table. Grasp the edge with the hands in the position shown, with the palms of the hands towards the face, and only the two top joints of the fingers on the top of the table.

Now haul yourself up until your face touches the table, by means of the arm muscles. Keep the body absolutely stiff all the time and let the heels be the only part of the body to remain on the ground, and keep them together.



For the arm, body, and finger muscles.

Having pulled yourself up as high as possible, lower yourself very gradually to the ground again.

Repeat the exercise half a dozen times or so every morning, and it will aid materially in the developing of all the muscles of the arm and shoulder, and in a less degree it will effect every muscle of the body, especially those of the thighs and back.

By the way, it is as well to see that the table is heavy enough to prevent its tipping up with your weight, or you may come to grief.

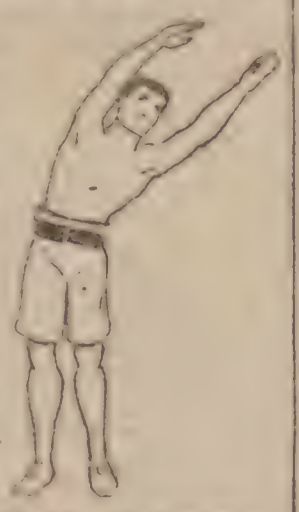
FOR THE WAIST.

This exercise is an extremely simple one which is to be recommended for the muscles of the side and waist, and can be practised for a few seconds morning and evening with little trouble and great benefit.

Stand erect in an easy position with the feet apart. Stretch the arms to their fullest extent above the head, with the palms turned inwards.

Now bend slowly to the left, moving the trunk from the waist only, and allowing no movement of the lower limbs.

Having got as far down to one side as you can, bend slowly over until you are in the same position on the other side, keeping the arms always extended and in the same relative position to the shoulders.



Bend from the hips only.

The only movement must be sideways, and not backwards or forwards. But the whole of the trunk above the hips must be moved, and not only the shoulders, otherwise the exercise will become practically the same as that which I gave on this page last week, in which the hands were kept by the sides.

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN A NUTSHELL.

STRAIGHT TIPS BY A WELL-KNOWN EXPERT.

Leisure time is precious in these busy days, and even the time given to reading must of necessity be limited. The same statement applies to time set apart for exercise, and many imagine that they have no time to care for their health, and therefore neglect it altogether.

This is a huge mistake, and it is with the object of helping such busy people that I suggest a few hints which may prove of assistance to them.

1. Make up your mind that a few minutes exercise each day *is as much a necessity as sleep or food.* In the long run it may save you an expensive doctor's bill.

2. Immediately on rising, with just a woollen sweater on, practise a few deep-breathing exercises before an open window—follow this by exercises with developer and dumb-bells, paying attention all the time to deep breathing.

3. After a few minutes' exercise, plunge into a cold bath, and follow this by brisk friction with flesh gloves or a rough towel. This will cause the blood to circulate freely and put the whole body into a warm glow, and you will settle down to breakfast feeling fit for a day's work.

4. Give great care to diet. Avoid over hurrying, before or after a meal. Masticate all food thoroughly, and be careful not to fall into the too common error of eating too much at one meal. Exclude from your dietary all foods likely to give rise to indigestion—pies, pastry, rich cakes, shellfish, &c. Indulge freely in fruit and fresh vegetables. Substitute cocoa for tea and coffee. Drink each day about two pints of clear water.

5. Endeavour to obtain at least eight hours sleep each night, if possible, nine. This allows the tissues of the body to be repaired, and, further, gives the brain an entire rest.

6. Avoid worry. After business make the effort to put the thought of it away from your mind, and enter, if possible, into some sport or pastime.

7. Spend as much time as possible each day in the open-air. Walking exercise is most beneficial.

8. Always sleep, winter and summer, with the bedroom window wide open, taking care that the bed is placed out of the way of draught.

9. Cultivate some hobby which will occupy your mind during your spare time, and prevent fatigue, worry, and morbid thoughts.

10. Retire as early as possible each night, and if not later than 10.30, go through a few light exercises either with the expander or else a few free movements.

By carefully adhering to these few rules a man could not fail to keep himself in form, and although he may not develop huge muscles, he will at any rate be the possessor of a healthy body and a well-balanced mind. Thomas In—

THE SPORTING TIMES

Otherwise known as "The Pink 'Un."

Smarter and More Amusing than Ever.

Is Recognised as the Leading Authority on Racing and Sport.

WRITE FOR FREE SPECIMEN COPY.

Published Every Friday,
at 52, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

(ON SPECULATIVE ACCOUNTS ONLY)

£347,330

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £ s. d.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

The Language of Money.

THE UNINTERRUPTED SUCCESS of the National Share Exchange is due entirely to the practical results Clients obtain. As Stock and Share Dealers—in a position to give Clients opportunities of making substantial sums with little or no outlay, with Liability Limited and Profits Unlimited—we speak to the Public in the Language of Figures. Our business is a matter of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence—all the time. When a Client comes to us, he does so with the desire to Make Money. He does not buy Stocks and Shares for amusement. Hence we speak to him in the Language of Pounds, Shillings, and Pence. We prove to him that Clients do make substantial sums. And, seeing that Clients to a very great extent depend on us for advice, it is due to us that transactions are profitable. We have paid away over a Third of a Million to Clients. This is a tremendous sum. And while it is the result of our Advice to Clients, no Client, of course, was obliged to follow it. So it is evident that our advice is worth following.

An Open Invitation to all who would like to watch the result of some special advice concerning a Share that should rise in price.

If you will fill in and post to us Coupon at foot we will give you the Name of a Share (not an American or Canadian Railroad Share) which in our opinion should see a substantial rise in value very quickly. Do not be under any misapprehension about this. You need not speculate any money unless you like. You can watch the Financial Newspapers to note whether our advice is good regarding the particular Share the name of which we will give you on application.

Clients Make Money. They Follow Our Advice.

Our Advice is, therefore, Valuable.

We have paid away to Clients

OVER ONE-THIRD OF A MILLION.

There is no charge, and you are under no obligation whatever. By giving you this information we enable you to judge the value of our recommendations and advice to Clients, by which we have paid away £347,330. Our Clients will get this advice in the ordinary way of business. **Apart from Clients, we shall only give the name of this Share to those who are sufficiently interested in the success of our business to test us.**

A Simple Request.

Fill in and Post Coupon at side, which will bring you Valuable Advice concerning a Share.

APPLICATION FOR SPECIAL ADVICE.

TO THE SECRETARY,
NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) the name of the Share which should increase in value immediately to enable me to judge of the value of your advice, by which you have paid away £347,330 to clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, from a 40-page booklet, that I may select.

M.M.
S.
51.

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
.....
(Please write distinctly.)

DATE .....

This and all our advertisements are copyright.

THE MODERN MAN
Territorial Mufti Suit

SECOND EDITION.

SPECIAL OFFER TO ALL OUR READERS.

So great was the success of The Modern Man Territorial Mufti Suit which we offered to our readers last Autumn, that we have decided to issue what may be called a second edition of it.

Again Captain Saunders is the designer, and Messrs. Ellis are the tailors.

This newer suit is a distinct improvement on the last.

The outside breast pockets, which many readers felt were too sporty for city wear, have been eliminated, but the chief features of the original suit (modified by the dictates of spring fashion) remain.

The coat is cut, like a tunic, to show the waist. It has a slit at the back for those who go in for riding.

The trousers are finished with a permanent turn-up, as the present fashion demands.

The materials, of which a full range will be sent post free to every applicant, include

Scotch Tweeds,
Blue Serges,
AND
Saxony Materials.

That the suit will fit, is absolutely guaranteed by the tailors, no matter whether you are a London reader who can call to try it on when half-finished, or a provincial reader who cannot do so.

If the suit is not to your liking, your money will be returned in full, without argument or discussion.

The price, owing to the arrangements we have made, is only 40s.

40/-

Every Londoner should make a point of calling. Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

J. & H. ELLIS,
THE FIRM WHO FITTED THE KING.

20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
(CLOSE TO LUDGATE CIRCUS),

To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

BEING ABSENT.

It would doubtless be possible to discover one or two men who have never been absent for a day or even for an hour from their work, but the average man, whether he be a labourer or in one of the professions, finds it occasionally impossible to turn up as usual.

His inability to do so may be due to an attack of illness, to which we are all liable at times, or it may be due to the illness of a near and dear friend.

There are times when a man looks on business in a very different way from usual.

Let us suppose, for example, that his mother, his nearest and dearest friend, is at death's door. Business interests—the earning of his salary if he be an employee, and the making of money if he be an employer—then dwindle away in perspective and they seem to be of no account. His one feeling is that he shall be with her; the business, which now seems so unimportant, can get on or can collapse according to the decree of Fate.

That is the impulse, but the strong man overrides impulse.

If he is an employee, he remembers that he is part of a business machine, that he has a duty to his employer, and that his duty must be fulfilled apart from all personal considerations whatsoever.

If he is an employer, he remembers that those who have been helping him have claims upon him. In either case he does his best to turn up as usual. His work that day may not be worth much, for his thoughts are elsewhere, but still he is doing his best to get through his work, and, by so doing, he is evidencing the possession of pluck, which is a quality far too rare in business.

In business men speculate and take risks. That is the rambling instinct, and it must not be confused with pluck. Sportsmen show pluck many times in the course of an afternoon's recreation. Why do they not show it more frequently in the course of life and business? Sport undoubtedly is a foster-mother of many excellent qualities, but they should be brought to bear outside as well as upon the playing-field.

The least that a man can do when circumstances compel him to absent himself from business is to send a telegram to his employer, or to whosoever has to see to his work being carried through. Often even this courtesy is omitted, the absentee relying upon what he considers to be the satisfactory nature of his explanation.

In many cases he finds that the explanation comes too late.

The employer, finding himself without the usual assistance, puts the absentee's work upon the shoulders of someone else, or in many cases takes it upon himself. In either case it is highly probable that certain of his instructions to the absentee have been neglected and that certain matters which, in the ordinary course, could have been dealt with easily, become matters of great importance.

It is then that an employer begins to wonder whether or not the absentee is the best person to be in the job, and that is always a most dangerous thing to allow an employer to suppose.

I could multiply instances where men have returned after a long holiday and have found their places filled upon their return. Absence is always dangerous. Wherever possible, it should be avoided at all hazards, and, if it is inevitable, the least the absentee can do is to post his employer promptly as to the probable duration of the absence and as to the probable date of his return.

R. A. Macnaughten.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

THREE BOOMS.

A most curious situation shows itself at the present moment.

Most people believe that two booms are not possible at the same time. Yet we have the rubber share market breaking all records, and I see that the commodity itself has reached 10s. 6d. a lb. (the finest quality), while the average price of rubber for the last few years has been (until the boom period) about 2s. 6d. a lb.

Oil shares seem to be waiting to take up the running immediately rubber shares begin to flag.

And on top of all, Rhodesians seem bursting to challenge rubber for public attention.

I think Yankees are something like the jumping frog in Mark Twain's story—somewhat overweighted.

RUBBER MAD.

The public is surely gone mad over rubber. True, the boom has a good foundation, but how many mushroom companies are about!

If you are buying rubber shares, buy those of established companies, producers, as I have said before.

Personally I should prefer to take a call option in a non-producer, but not to take up shares.

A RUBBER TIP.

I give as a good rubber tip United Serdangs. The company — United Serdang (Sumatra) Rubber Plantations, Limited—was registered on July 10, 1907.

At the time of purchase the acreage under rubber was about 2,748, the estate itself—situated in Serdang, Sumatra—then being of 3,500 acres.

The bulk of the trees were then three years old and under. The acreage under rubber has since been increased to 7,300. They are good, in my opinion, for a rise, and the price is now, at the moment of writing, 6⅛.

LONDON VENTURES.—C. S. U. (Widnes).—Yes, hold on; good for a rise.

FARROW'S BANK.—A. H. (London).—Quite safe, so far as I can see. I see no reason why you should not open an account with them, but if it is a mere matter of investing your money to get a certain interest, I can give you an investment which would return you a trifle over 4½ per cent., absolutely safe.

PREMIUM BONDS.—SERGT. W. (Yorks).—You can get any information from Messrs. N. Keiser and Co., 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

THE GREAT SHIP CO., LTD.—A. W. F. (Deighton).—Cannot find any trace of this company, whose shares you bought thirty years ago. Possibly it has been merged in some other company.

FARROW'S BANK.—H. R. (Liverpool).—It is a popular bank, in the sense that it is intended to meet the requirements of "the people." The business has made great progress since its inception. The facilities offered are good for depositors, who are not encouraged by the "ordinary" banks.

JAPANESE BONDS.—G. G. H. (Bolton).—Japanese 4½ p.c. are bonds, 4½ p.c. on which is guaranteed by the Japanese Government. "Bearer" bonds means that they are negotiable without transfer forms. The interest would never fall below the rate of 4½ p.c., even if the stock drops to 99 or lower; but, of course, whatever the stock fell to, you would lose so much of your principal. However, you need have no fear of that sort. With reference to the Industrial Trust, this is not an easy matter, but as soon as possible I shall work you out one which will return you 7 to 7½ p.c.

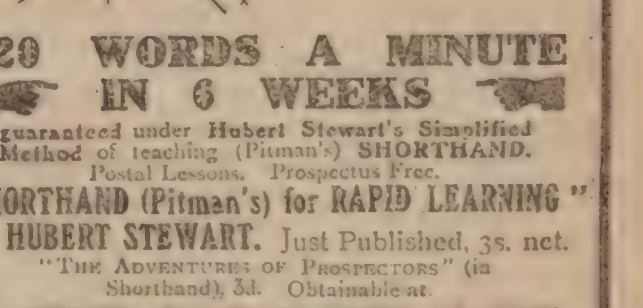
FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

"THE LAW OF FINANCIAL SUCCESS" tells you how to make money and secure Financial Independence. The low price is but a fraction of its real value. Send 6d. for a copy to-day. **6d.**

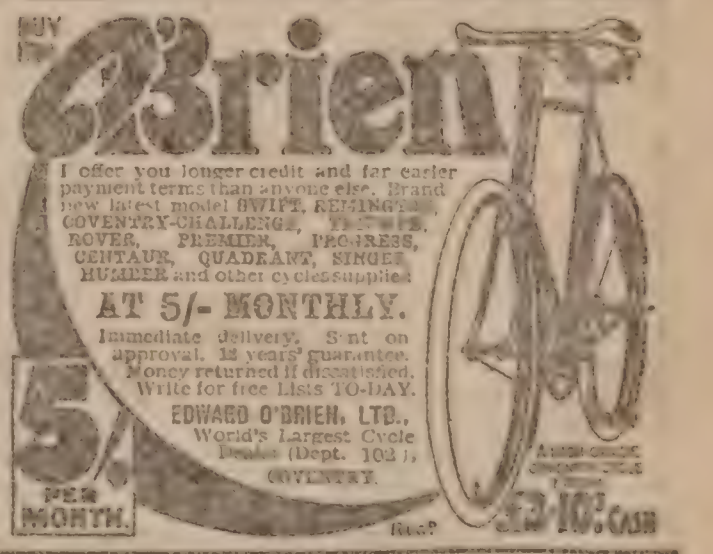
THE FIDUCIARY (72) CO.,
27, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E.C.

LEARN
SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND
IN 12 EASY LESSONS.
And save a year's study.
Used in Parliament at 250 words per minute.
Send postcard for Illustrated Handbook.
SHORTHAND ASSOCIATION,
Grosvenor Road, London, N.

SMARTNESS
OF APPEARANCE
depends on the observance
of small details.
HILL'S
HONGROISE
Keeps the Moustache neat and in good order, and thus lends distinction to the whole appearance.
In Tubes 6d. each, of all Hairdressers; or, if unobtainable, Post Free from—THE COUNTY CHEMICAL CO., LD.,



120 WORDS A MINUTE IN 6 WEEKS
guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND.
Postal Lessons. Prospectus Free.
"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING"
By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.
"The Adventures of Prospectors" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at
THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY,
104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.


BUY
O'Brien
I offer you longer credit and far easier payment terms than anyone else. Brand new latest model SWIFT, REMINGTON, COVENTRY-CHALLENGE, ROVER, PREMIER, PROGRESS, CENTAUR, QUADRANT, SINGER, HUMBER and other cycles supplied
AT 5/- MONTHLY.
Immediate delivery. Sent on approval. 12 years' guarantee. Money returned if dissatisfied. Write for free Lists TO-DAY.
EDWARD O'BRIEN, LTD.,
World's Largest Cycle Dealers (Dept. 102),
COVENTRY.
5/-
PER MONTH.
£3-10-0 CASH

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES. EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON.

III. A VICTORY FOR SWEET SIMPLICITY.

I.

Tom Burgess, now head man in the stables of Major Blakeney, Mannerbridge Hall, Leicestershire, quaffed a pint of good ale from an ancient mug in the harness-room.

In this apartment he reigned supreme. He was lord of the rickety seat by the little enclosed stove. The various sporting pictures above the small, heat-blistered mantelpiece were tributes to his appreciation of art and his proficiency with the scissors.

He had delved among the old copies of the "Sporting and Dramatic" sent down for his perusal from the Hall, and found therein many treasures—treasures that with the aid of a penny bottle of gum he had transferred to the wooden walls of his pleasance, and thus gradually brought into being a picture gallery that threatened to occupy every available piece of wall space.

Having emptied the brown mug, Mr. Burgess peered out of the doorway and gave vent to a persuasive whistle. In answer to this welcome signal, of which he well knew the purport, his lieutenant, one James Monk, whom no man had ever seen inside a coat ere sundown, appeared wiping his mouth in hopeful anticipation.

"I've left your usual in the can, Jim," said Burgess, handing him the mug; and for a space the nose, eyes, and part of the cheek of Mr. James Monk were lost to view.

"Good 'ealth to the Major—and me mother's only son!" said James, putting down the mug and producing a red bandana handkerchief, with which he wiped the evidence of honest toil from his manly brow.

"How did Sweet Simplicity shape this morning, James?" asked Tom Burgess.

"Nicely; very nicely. You know Billikins, the bookie?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, I've taken ante-post odds from him about her chance in the Grand Steeplechase at Melton. I took sixteen bob to two—so look out Billikins doesn't want to nobble her afore the race," the redoubtable James concluded humorously.

"Major been down yet?" he asked after a pause, as he curiously inspected the cuttings on the wall.

"Not yet," said Burgess, picking stray pieces of chaff from his waistcoat.

"I *say*—" Mr. Monk was still inspecting the photographs—"you've made this 'ere place right pretty. It ain't the same show as that blag——"

"Mickleham?"

"Yes. It don't seem the same place as Sowery had. And look at the 'arness, to say nothin' of the saddlery! Where'd you get your ideas from, Burgess? Trainin' stable?"

"No. Yeomanry regiment."

"Don't tell me there are any 'orsemen in the—*volunteers*. But there's some little trade secret about that?"

Mr. Monk indicated the brilliant metal parts of a set of gig-harness.

"Elbow-grease," said Burgess. "Let's have a look at the mare, James."

"Hullo!"

Mr. Monk's eyes were now glued upon a half-page photo of a meet of the Quorn, and seemed riveted to the spot.

"Come here," he said to Burgess in a confidential whisper.

Burgess crossed the speckless brick floor.

"Well?" said he.

"If I let ye into a secret, can you keep it darker than pitch?"

"Much," said Tom cheerfully. "Trot it out, sporty."

"Well, see this photograph and *this* girl hereon the light horse? Now, who would you think that was?"

"Lady Isabelle Challacombe," returned Burgess promptly. Having ridden his master's spare horse in the hunting field, he was well versed in the personnel of the countryside.

"Pretty girl?" said James, as one feeling his ground.

"Mouth's too cruel. It's a good portrait," said Burgess. "I've seen the lady, you know."

Mr. James Monk nodded his head mysteriously.

"*You've* seen her. *I've* heard about her. Burgess, my bonny boy, there you be'old the future mistress o' Mannerbridge Hall *and* the finish of the old order. Mark my words, once the Lady Babelle is in command they'll put us into plum-coloured livery—you on the box of a silk-lined brougham and *me* 'oldin' rugs and furs, and what not."

"It will be awkward for you to hold what not, I should think."

"This is no jokin' matter, Burgess." The diminutive Monk became very severe. "Now, look here. I'll show you our ray of hope, and there you are! What do *you* say?"

He had placed a grimy finger upon the portrait of a lady spectator.

"Same as you, James."

"You've eyes in your ead?"

"I have."

"You *'ave*. Burgess, I repeats it, you *'ave*, although I sometimes suspects you weren't exactly born in a stable same as *I* was. Eyes you've *got!*"

This remark seemed to afford such satisfaction to Mr. Monk that he did not venture upon another for some moments.

"How's *she* gettin' on with her ridin'?" he asked, under his breath, after a space.

"Fairly; but I haven't tried leadin' her over jumps yet, and they're essential, aren't they?"

Mr. Monk dropped an expressive eyelid.

"Mannerbridge Hall Stakes," he soliloquised dreamily. "I fear the result. Lady Babelle—one; Sweet Simplicity—two."

"Mary Dellin, two, you mean," said Burgess.

"Same thing," remarked Mr. Monk, and blushed to the proverbial roots of his hair; "and the sweetest style of simplicity."

"Mr. Burgess! Mr. Burgess!" It was a lady's voice calling from the stable-yard.

Monk hastily smoothed his hair and gave the master touch to his ancient stock-tie.

"It's *'er!*" he said to Burgess. "Now try her over the jumps this mornin', laddie, then I'll back her to whack all the Lady Babelles in the world as far as the Major is concerned."

"Mr. *Burgess!*" came the call from the yard, a little petulantly this time.

"Burgess," said Monk, choking back his emotion, "it's a job like yours that I've been lookin' for this many, many a year!"

And together they walked out into the sunshine.

* * * * * * *

It was some two hours later that Tom Burgess returned to the stable-yard on horseback. A little awkwardly—for he was no practised gallant—he assisted a mud-bespattered Miss Dellin to dismount.

"Then you'll not come round to-morrow morning, miss?" said Burgess respectfully. "The Major has given me orders to be at your service any morning you think fit, and I think that with a little more nerve you'd——"

"I'm sorry—it's been good of you, Burgess, to take so much trouble—but I don't think I shall ever lead the Quorn."

She laughed, but there was just the merest tinge of sadness in her voice, and a catch that somehow made Tom Burgess find that the toecaps of his boots were really very interesting things.

"Oh," she went on, "I daresay I shall be able to potter about with the gate-openers; but somehow it isn't in me to whack horses and rowel their flanks as other hunting women do. I'm afraid I am a failure, Burgess."

She smiled again.

"But you know the vanity of women. I've bought this habit. I shall occasionally get a wear out of it for my money when I've no special cooking to do, you know."

"There's a meet at the Hall, here, next Tuesday," said Burgess.

Miss Dellin wrinkled her pretty forehead.

"As Tuesday's not a pie-making day, I may be there, Burgess," said she, and nodding lightly she walked off.

It was Mr. Monk who emerged very crestfallen from the harness-room.

"Say nothing," said he, raising a deprecating, trembling hand. "I've heard all. She's too much of a——"

Burgess turned upon his lieutenant.

"If you dare to say 'coward' I'll smash your head, James!" he exclaimed. "Shall I tell you what it is? *Why* she can't put horses to fences, *why* she can't spur 'em on to mad gallops, why she'll never lead the Quorn!"

Mr. James Monk considered it prudent to say nothing at all except to weakly murmur, "Well, *why?*"

"Because," said Burgess, "she happens to be good—kind—decent—WOMAN!"

II.

On the morning of the meet at Mannerbridge Hall Major Blakeney put in an early appearance at the stables.

Burgess, knowing well that all sorts and conditions of hunting people were apt to call upon the Major for the loan of a horse, at odd times, had all the horses under his charge well groomed and ready for emergencies.

"I shall take Sweet Simplicity to-day, Burgess," said the Major. "A gallop over country will do her no harm. You'll ride the bay as usual, and you can ready the other two. One of my saddles for Lady Challacombe, and a lady's saddle for Miss Dellin."

"Yes, sir!"

The Major, booted and spurred, departed.

A few minutes later, that most natty-looking of grooms, Tom Burgess, was assisting a lady to mount, while Mr. James Monk held the horse's head.

Lady Isabelle Challacombe, firmly grasping her crop, clutched at the reins, and without a word rode round to the meet in front of the Hall.

But it was with alacrity that Mr. James Monk led out the quiet chestnut for Miss Dellin. No countess ever boasted a more excellent groom than he.

"Thank you both," said Miss Dellin lightly, and, patting her mount's graceful neck, she too rode off.

* * * * * * *

When the gas flickered in the wire-cage globe in the harness-room, it was Tom Burgess who, between large mouthfuls of his bread-and-cheese supper, spoke thus to Mr. James Monk, who had

supplemented the meal with pickled walnuts.

"James," said Burgess, "if you'd been out with us to-day you'd have seen several sights that would have done your old heart good."

"Enoomerate 'em," said James, starting upon a second walnut.

"It's wonderful, you know," said Burgess, "how occasionally men pick up a false scent and persist in it much as hounds do. Of course you know how desperately hard up the Challacombes are. Well, the Honourable Markham Challacombe, Lady Isabelle's brother, left all the honour of [illegible] his sister to the Major to-day. She stuck to him all through the piece."

"Designin' woman," Mr. Monk mumbled.

"And not a thank ye in 'er blessed dictionary. Ridin' with all 'untin' women, says I. Always [illegible]vin' a clause in favour of one—who ain't properly so described."

"In favour of one," echoed Tom Burgess. "Well, the Honourable Markham keeps a-gettin' at the Major the whole time, and puts his satellite, Phil Badgery, on to the same game. The sole purport of their observations to the Major is that Lady Isabelle is *the* Diana of the Hunt, finest horsewoman in the county, etc.

"In proof of this, they'd kidded old Tom Welben, the huntsman, to draw the Willow Patch, where that old fox always lies up—well knowin', mind you James, that the old customer is bound to break on t'other side for the stiffest part of the country hereabouts. They knew that the one you call Sweet Simplicity couldn't manage the fence" [illegible] the beggars!" said Mr. Monk, emphatically.

"Well, bang away went the field for that cut-[illegible] down country, Lady Isabelle droppin' the pilot (in the form of the Major) and holdin' her mount [illegible] only a little in—arrear of the Master as etiquette demands.

"Reynard obliges by hoppin' it extra smart, and it's a clean away field in view, streamin' up hill and down dale, beautiful to see. Well, that [illegible] that Lady Isabelle borrowed from the [illegible]——"

"Black Beauty," Mr. Monk put in.

"Yes, Black Beauty is a good 'un, but has seen her best days. For all that you'd have thought it was the Grand National that Lady Isabelle was ridin' in. Black Beauty was doin' her level best 'under punishment.' But it didn't satisfy her ladyship, who was, as you know, ridin' in the astride fashion."

"She always does!" murmured Mr. Monk. "I may be old-fashioned and an under-groom, but it gives me the shivers when I have to put a man's saddle on a horse for the use of a lady."

Tom Burgess nodded agreement.

"She was rowellin' Black Beauty somethin' unmerciful when *I* saw the last of her. I was ridin' the guv'nor's spare mount, of course, and it was my duty to keep him back, though he's good hearted and wanted to be away with 'em.

"Miss Dellin, under my little guidance, took one or two small fences, but when they got fairly on the move, and men were beginnin' to curse a bit when their mounts put a foot wrong, she naturally dropped behind."

"Ah!" said Mr. Monk, feelingly. "Go on."

"Well, we came up some time after hounds had killed, and I prepared to dismount in a by-lane, thinkin' the guv'nor was goin' to take my horse to the next cover as usual. But he didn't. When I led his spare mount up to him, he says to me:

"'Burgess,' says he, 'I think I've—er—seen enough for to-day.'

"His eyes looked somethin' steely, and they were fixed on my Lady Isabelle, whose mount looked tremblin' and right done up. You should have seen Black Beauty's flanks."

"Thanks, I *'ave*, Burgess, since."

"But at the *time* I mean, James. It was a revoltin' sight when you remembered that one of the alleged ministering angel class had been riding her."

"Go on about the Major," Monk said.

"The Major? Well, he turned to me and said: 'Lady Isabelle will ride your horse home,' says he. 'Then you can call at the Grange and take it back to stable.'

"She tumbled to his humour right enough.

"'Yes, I've had enough to-day,' says she. 'Sweet of you to anticipate my wishes. P'r'aps your man will kindly see to shorten the stirrup-leathers.'

"By this time Miss Dellin had dismounted, and was giving the chestnut a bit of sugar from her wallet."

"Well; and what did you do?" asked Monk, tensely. "Did you——"

"Take the opportunity offered? Rather!

"'Sir,' said I to the Major, 'as we're so near Colonel Dellin's now, shall I lead Black Beauty to the Colonel's stables for the present? She seems fairly done up.'

"'Yes, Burgess,' says the Major, 'and I somehow think you might take Miss Dellin's mount and Sweet Simplicity back to the home stables. I suppose you've had enough, Miss Dellin?' says he, turnin' to her.

"You see, it all panned out as I intended.

"'Thank you, yes, Major—if you will take some lunch with us.'"

Mr. Monk brought down his fist.

"The right line!" said he emphatically.

"And," Tom Burgess concluded, "the last thing I heard Miss Dellin——"

"Sweet Simplicity," Mr. Monk murmured in parenthesis.

"Well, Sweet Simplicity——sayin' to the Major was that she hoped he'd like her pies."

Mr. Monk replaced the patent stopper in the pickled walnut bottle.

"Let's hope he *did*," said Monk, "for 'tween you and me, Tom, I shouldn't be surprised if it's her make of pies he'll be tastin' for all the rest of his natural life!"

[*Another story of this series will appear next week.*—Editor.]

Good Cycles.—The modern cycle has long ceased to be a luxury; it is an absolute necessity to thousands of business men, but as the inimitable Dan Leno used to say, there are eggs and "eggs," so are there cycles and "cycles." If you want a good, sound, serviceable mount you will get it if you purchase a "COVENTRY CHALLENGE." Thousands of these splendid machines are being ridden daily by men who know by long experience what a cycle ought to be.

Anybody who rides a bike, or contemplates investing in one, should send for the handsome catalogue issued by the CHALLENGE Company, A postcard to EDWARD O'BRIEN, LIMITED, the World's Largest Cycle Dealers, Coventry, will bring you a copy as well as quotations for the principal makes.

Good Sporting Watches.—The Leecla non-magnetic watches are admirably suited to the needs of the sportsman.

The cost, which is only 3s. 6d. each, is absurdly low when you consider the fact that they are good timekeepers, and that five years' guarantee is given by the manufacturers with each watch.

High-priced watches have a nasty trick of going wrong when you submit them to hard wear and to jolting, such as a watch inevitably receives when worn in the pocket of a man who goes in for outdoor sport. The Leecla watch, however, stands all the buffets that may be given to it.

It is made with nickelled cases and in oxydised cases. The latter are generally preferred by sportsmen.

The Leecla Watch Company, whose advertisement appears on another page, will supply all particulars.

COMPETENT MEN

are always in demand, and we always have a large number of positions open for men possessed of Special Ability—Technical or otherwise. If you are possessed of such ability, and have a character which is proven or provable, write us to-day or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., 163-167, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. Union Arcade, 55, Deansgate, Manchester.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. H. (Knocklong).—We are surprised to hear that "not another person in the place takes the least interest in sport of any kind except horse-racing." You have a grand opportunity for getting up a boxing or a running club, and show them, by inducing them to make the experiment, what they have been missing.

W. C. W. (Greenhithe).—The Editor's photograph appeared in No. 52.

F. W. S. (Gateshead).—Much amused to learn that one of your men was prevented by his father from attending the Territorial smoking concert, because there might be a bit of drinking. Interested to know that you and your friends, not caring for liquor, did without it and were not pressed by anyone to take it. Every man to his own taste; it would be well if teetotalers as well as moderate drinkers would remember that.

R. F. (Kensington).—You ought to have returned the mare, as not answering to her warranty; but, as you find her upon your hands, you had better try to sell her privately. Horses at present are making very bad prices at the auction markets.

A. M. G. (Lancaster).—To get your trousers altered to the "permanent turn-up" style is a simple matter. Send them to your tailor; he won't charge much.

H. A. J. (Brixton).—To secure further smoking concert engagements, advertise in this paper, or in the "Daily Telegraph" or "Evening News."

P. F. S. (Bray).—To reduce superfluous flesh, diet yourself sensibly, taking plenty of fruit. Go in for exercise as much as possible; this will turn the fat to muscle. A man who naturally runs to flesh has an exceptional opportunity for building up a fine physique.

R. J. H. (Bexley).—It is impossible to say whether your heart trouble would bar you from the Yeomanry; everything depends on degree of weakness. Join at once; if the medical officer finds your heart unfit, he will tell you quickly enough.

B. J. GOODCHILD, 20, Oakdale Road, Leytonstone, is keen on taking up rowing, and wants to know of a rowing club on the Lea.

S. A. E. (Burton-on-Trent).—No evidence against the methods of the National Share Exchange has ever been brought before us. We believe they are a thoroughly sound and reliable firm; if we did not, we should refuse them advertising space.

W. K. (Glasgow).—No more competitions for us. We tried one, and found our readers didn't want them.

A. B. C. (Chesterfield).—Glad to learn that some of our League members in Sheffield spotted you and gave you a welcome.

E. B. (Manchester), **W. H. G.** (Weymouth), and **A. CLARK** (30, Moor Road, Rushden) want to correspond with readers abroad.

T. V. CARPENTER (23, Khedive Road, Forest Gate, E.) wants to hear from readers in Lagos. He has been offered a job there, and would like to know something about the country.

W. C. M. (Perth).—Never again ask us such questions as "Is Dunkeld the smallest city in Great Britain?" We don't know, and we hope nobody will ever tell us. Uninteresting facts are very painful. Send dull inquiries of this sort to "Tit-Bits."

G. F. (Aberdeen).—Information regarding New Zealand, Australia, and all our other Colonies can be obtained free of charge from the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster.

J. T. (Birmingham).—We have decided not to give racing tips after all. We go to Press ten days in advance of publication, and during that time all the horses we tipped might be dead.

P. W. (Bury), **E. T.** (Colne), **J. F. R.** (Oxford), **C. S.** (Birmingham), **T. A.** (Newbury), **R. R.** (Abingdon).—Grateful thanks for getting your newsagent to show our poster each week.

[*Owing to pressure of space, many replies are unavoidably held over.*]

THE SPRING GARDEN.

The thoughts of every man who cares for flowers and who possesses a small patch of ground turn towards his garden when spring makes its appearance.

The first thing to be done is to pick over the ground; the best way is just to stir the surface soil, and for this purpose nothing beats a small garden fork.

Now is the time to make a small lawn by preparing the ground and sowing thickly with seed. For this a mixture is best, such as can be procured from any good seedsman.

After sowing rake the soil lightly, and if possible roll it.

Creepers that need trimming or renailing to their supports may claim the attention of the novice, ivy in particular needing the knife.

For the ambitious amateur who goes in for roses, it may be remarked that if he wants to plant, now is the acceptable time.

Spring has many drawbacks, it is the season of seasons for flowers, but, alas! it is also the Season with a capital S, for slugs and snails and many other pests.

Slugs may be hunted for by the sporting gardener in the dead of night with the aid of a lantern. A sprinkling of lime and soot among the box edging will dislodge the snails.

An inverted flower-pot is the old, old trap for earwigs, and as it may still be seen in big nurseries, it may be presumed that no better has been devised.

One word of warning with regard to the cultivation of sweet peas. It is wiser to stick to the well-known and old-fashioned varieties than to invest in novelties, the only novelty about some of these being that they are delusions.

In sowing seeds the chief thing to remember is to sow thinly and rake over the ground a day or so before. Buy good seeds from a reliable firm; the best are always the cheapest in the end.

Pansies and some poppies, it will be found, will grow under the shade of shrubs or trees, and thus serve to fill up what in many gardens are bare spaces, and wallflowers will thrive planted close to a wall or under a hedge.

If roses are a feature in the garden, then it is a good plan to sow the bed lightly over with mignonette, or have a ground work of the blue lobelia. Both of these are easy to grow; the one is pleasant to the eye, and the other gives forth a pleasing fragrance.

For those who like uncommon borders to their flower beds, there is parsley, which has another merit besides its green freshness and classic significance, and that is its usefulness in the kitchen.

It may be sown at the beginning of April or the latter part of March. Some superstitious people always sow their parsley on Good Friday.

Sweet-briar, too, makes a very desirable edging, and neither of these harbour snails or slugs like the box.

In damp parts of the garden sunflowers will do well, as they help to drain the ground.

C. B. STAINER.

The Best and Most Serviceable Present is a

LEECLA NON-MAGNETIC WATCH.

3/6 each, by post 1½d. each extra.
Oxidised or nickelled cases. Five years' guarantee with each watch.
LEECLA WATCH Co., Leecla Watch Factory, Ashton-u-Lyne.

GROW A MOUSTACHE.

A nice manly moustache speedily grows at any age by using "Mousta," the only True Moustache Forcer. Success Positively Guaranteed. Boys become men. Acts like magic. Box sent (in plain cover) for 6d. and 1d. for postage.
T. DIXON & Co., 42, Junction Road, London, N. (Send 7d.)

Protection from Burglars

IS MOST EFFECTUALLY AFFORDED BY

"THE DED-LES."

NO LICENCE REQUIRED.

The new scientific pistol which is invaluable to Householders, Travellers, Cyclists, Motorists, and everyone needing protection against robbers, tramps, or vicious animals. THE "DED-LES" resembles the ordinary pistol, and is always ready when wanted. Whilst being perfectly harmless to health or life, the assailant is rendered unconscious by Gas from Cartridge for from 5 to 10 minutes, giving ample time for his arrest with ease. Guaranteed by highest medical and scientific authorities. Requires no special knowledge. Packed in neat case, with 10 cartridges, 7/6. Cartridges 2/6 per doz.

C. WATSON & CO., 23, Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.

STRENGTH

TO THOSE READERS

Who are physically fit and enjoy good health, but to whom the word "strength" holds out charms, I would point out that practically all the world's records of weight-lifting are held, up to 11st. 7lb., by pupils of my ADVANCED SYSTEM.

The following is a list of successes up to date:

J. Holliday, 8st. World's Champion Lifter.
J. Holliday, 8st. 7lb. World's Champion Lifter.
W. L. Carquest, 9st. World's Champion Lifter.
W. L. Carquest, 9st. 7lb. World's Champion Lifter.
E. Aston, Middle-Weight Champion of Britain.
Whilst I am the Ex-Middle-Weight Champion of the World.

At the Health and Strength Display, Agricultural Hall, last year, every weight-lifting competition was won by one of my pupils, and it would require many copies of "Modern Man" to contain one-tenth of the extraordinary testimonials that I have received about this remarkable system, which

CANNOT FAIL.

A valuable Disc Bar-Bell is presented gratis with the course, and I will undertake **UNDER GUARANTEE** to improve your strength and physical development out of all knowledge.

To readers who know my standing in the Physical Culture world it will at once be apparent that I am not likely to make any statements which I cannot prove, or hold out any promise which I cannot fulfil.

It behoves every reader interested in strength to write at once for the new edition of my free book—

"A QUICK ROUTE TO STRENGTH"

(Gratis and post free).

DO IT NOW!

THOMAS INCH,
(Dept. M.M.),
THE BROADWAY,
FULHAM, LONDON,
S.W.

AMAZING DEVELOPMENT OF NERVE POWER

THROUGH

LECITHIN.

Exhilaration, Energy, and Nerve Strength obtained from Smallest Quantity.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Brilliant Victory over Nerve Troubles. Doctors Eagerly adopt New Treatment.

Convincing Trial Supply and Scientific Booklet FREE.

Medical men have long realised that the man or woman with a weakened nervous system can only recoup lost energy by supplying the nerves with the only Nerve Force yielding Food Element essential to their well-being—just as a half-starved person can only regain physical energy from nutritive food; but, until recently, it was impossible to order a sufferer to assimilate a sufficient quantity of this "elixir of nerve-youth," as even the most nutritive of foods yield but a small percentage of this indispensable nerve-support.

LECITHIN—THE "EXTRACT OF LIFE."

Lecithin alone will supply the Brain and nerves with the nourishment they require, and as this is only found in infinitesimal quantities in such strengthening foods as eggs, milk, &c., it can readily be seen that the nervous man or woman should require the stomach of an army to fortify the weakened nerve cells by means of everyday foods.

Fortunately, an eminent physician—Dr. Hartmann—was not content with the manner in which the medical profession had been treating cases of Neurasthenia, and his discovery of the only Nerve Food—viz., "Antineurasthin"—has completely revolutionised the treatment of cases of Insomnia, Depression, Melancholia, Loss of Will Power, Defective Memory, Dizziness, &c., which are all caused by an exhausted condition of the nervous system.

A CURE AT LAST.

"Antineurasthin" contains an astonishing percentage of Lecithin—nearly 10 per cent.—a remarkable amount of concentrated energy. This fact is conclusively proved by the increased feeling of health and strength—both of body and nerves—immediately this nerve food is taken.

"Antineurasthin" is a Nerve Food *only*; it feeds the nervous system independently of the muscular system, and whereas ordinary food stays the appetite, "Antineurasthin" increases the appetite, so that it can be taken just before meals with the happiest results.

That the above remarks form a very modest estimate of the valuable properties of "Antineurasthin" is proved by the following testimony of the English Press. It is usually the case that any new preparation is looked upon with marked distrust by medical men, but the merits of "Antineurasthin" were so marked and so extraordinary—*in fact, so essential to the life and well-being of the community at large*—that this marvellous nerve nutrient has earned a world-wide reputation for its curative qualities in less than three years.

It has fallen to the lot of Dr. Koch, the well-known Physiologist, to establish magnificent results with "Lecithin" in Wasting Diseases. He has found that, when deprived of "Lecithin," the Human Organism will deposit lime in the tissues, which means that premature old-age must needs be the consequence. Dr. Koch, on the other hand, has been able to reassure all those suffering from Physical and Nervous Debility, &c., that premature old-age and senile decay can be warded off by the administration of the "Elixir of Life"—"Lecithin." This substance, apart from being the most powerful Nerve Tonifier and Health-Restorer, has also a tendency to dissolve the limy deposits in the system, and thus produce that healthy condition of mental, Nervous, and Physical Strength which bids fair to defy Nature, in spite of the perverted mode of modern living.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS:

The PALL MALL GAZETTE: " . . . The benefits which thousands of Nervous Invalids have experienced from even a free trial supply constitutes one of the most remarkable of modern triumphs in the scientific world."

The GLOBE: " . . . It is now proved beyond cavil that the discovery of Dr. Hartmann does supply in the only possible way the very food the Nerves require, and in circumstances and amounts which make for speedy and effective cure. . . ."

The DAILY NEWS: " . . . 'Antineurasthin' is not a body and brain food combined; it is purely a brain and nerve food. . . ."

The OBSERVER: " . . . It should not be confounded with ordinary drugs or other stimulants. 'Antineurasthin' is a natural nerve food which nourishes the brain (nervous system) independently of the body. . . ."

JOHN BULL: " . . . The question of medical support is quite a serious one, and it must be a source of great pleasure to the company to think that so many members of this most conservative profession have come forward to lend their moral assistance and practical recommendation to their wonderful product."

The BYSTANDER: " . . . Numerous trials have been carried out with this compound by various physicians, in each case with most favourable results. The food has evidently a great future before it. . . . This is no quack remedy, for it is being prescribed by doctors all over the country."

COUNTRY LIFE: ". . . This most admirable nerve food . . . it will come as a boon to the thousands of martyrs who suffer from brain fag, nervousness, hysteria, and insomnia . . . thus an antidote against the microbe of neurasthenia—a dire disease fatal to longevity—is hailed with acclamation. 'Antineurasthin' comes under this latter category, as it has a wondrous power of invigorating and rebuilding the nerve cells. . . ."

CONVINCING TRIAL SUPPLY FREE.

We offer to every reader of this paper a trial supply of "Antineurasthin" and a valuable treatise dealing with Nervous Disorders and their rational cure, and hope all THE MODERN MAN readers will avail themselves of this offer, which will not involve any necessity of making large after purchases. Simply enclose two penny stamps with your application (to cover cost of postage), and we will send the trial outfit by return of post, *and not worry you with continued correspondence*—as we can afford to abide by the issue of the practical test we offer.

Address your application (enclosing two stamps—cost of postage alone): The Antineurasthin Co., Ltd., 125, Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

"Antineurasthin" may be obtained at all Messrs. Boots' Branches, also all leading Chemists and Stores.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

SPRING CLEANING.

The annual orgy of turning everything upside down, which makes everyone in the household so uncomfortable, is usually left entirely to the womenfolk, who thoroughly enjoy it.

But there is no reason why the mere man should not do a bit of spring cleaning on his own, and the Easter holiday is just the time to do it, if he happens to be staying at home.

I refer to the overhauling of his wardrobe.

There are lots of little odd jobs in connection with his clothes that will never get done unless he has a regular field-day with them, and puts everything to rights at once.

Boots and shoes will want new laces, ties will want pressing, clothes brushing and repairing, slippers renovating, and old socks, underclothes, and shirts must be discarded and replaced.

Hats should be taken to the hatter's and brushed or ironed, and those suits that need it sent to the cleaner's.

There are a hundred and one little things that want doing, and spring is the time to do them.

HATBOXES.

It is not often nowadays that a man has occasion to use a hatbox, but sometimes in the late spring or summer, when a straw hat has to be taken in addition to the bowler, and possibly, the silk hat, it is useful.

To the man who travels enough to justify the purchase of this article of luggage I would give one bit of advice. Do not get a hatbox of the old conical shape.

This will only take one hat, and takes up a lot of room in comparison with the space available inside, and, moreover, it is useless for carrying anything but a hat.

The newer pattern is square, and takes a silk hat in a removable lined frame on one side, a bowler on the other, and a straw hat and opera hat attached to the lid, while there is sufficient space in between, as well as inside the hats, to accommodate numerous caps, collars, ties, and similar small articles.

If desired, all the fittings can be taken out, and you have a very serviceable suit case, with a flat lid hinged at the back in the ordinary way, though the case is deeper and not so long as the ordinary gentleman's suit case.

HOLIDAY HINTS.

While on the subject of luggage, it is curious to note how the Gladstone bag has gone out of date during the last few years.

One rarely sees anything now except the kit-bag with the expanding top or the rectangular stiff-sided suit case.

The latter is certainly the ideal thing for a man for week-end travelling. It is easy to carry, and holds just enough for anything up to a week's stay away from home.

Most men carry a suit case with the lid away from their legs, perhaps because it looks better than the bottom which has been scratched by being shoved under the seats of railway carriages, or because their initials are blazoned upon it.

But it is a useful thing to remember that the easiest way is to carry the lid inwards, not only because it will do less damage to your trousers, but because the handle is usually set nearer the top than the bottom of the front side, so that by carrying the case in this way you get it nearer to your side, and are not pulled off your balance so much as if you kept the bottom of the bag against your leg, nor will you knock your leg about in the same way.

THE MUFTI SUIT.

I believe that in some other part of the paper a long notice is appearing with regard to the second edition of what we have called THE MODERN MAN Territorial Mufti Suit.

I designed, in conjunction with the Editor and Mr. Ellis, the first suit that bore this name, and I considered that the design was a very good one. The success of that suit was so great that the Editor has asked me to design yet another, and one which, though it shall retain the smartness that a man accustomed to wearing uniform likes, will yet be a little less "countrified," if I may use such an expression. In the second edition I have, for example, done away with the outside pleat pockets.

For City wear I believe that this second edition cannot be beaten.

As for the materials of which it is made, I called the other day at Messrs. Ellis's establishment and inspected them. How they manage to make suits of these cloths at this price I do not know, but I suppose that the publicity, if not the actual price, pays them in the long run.

TYING A MUFFLER.

Let us hope that the days are almost past for this year when a muffler will be a desirable article of apparel, for it is at best a nuisance.

But all through the year there are occasions when a light muffler is advisable, even if it only serves the purpose of keeping the collar clean when you go out in the evening.

There are various ways of putting on a muffler, but there is no doubt which is the smartest.

The old-fashioned method was to fold the square diagonally, and put it on with the point down the back, and the ends simply crossed in front.

The fashionable way of putting on a muffler to-day, however, is to fold it into a long rectangular strip, place it round the neck, and then tie a single knot in the ends, so that one end falls straight down in front.

In this way the muffler is kept close round the neck instead of sinking down on to the shoulders, and the effect is much smarter than that of the old haphazard way of simply crossing the ends.

THE RETURN OF THE REEFER.

The double-breasted jacket has of late been somewhat out of fashion, but there seems every prospect of its returning this year to popularity. It is a most effective garment, and seems to keep its shape and smartness rather better than the single-breasted lounge.

It is cut with a broad crossed roll, and a fairly high opening; it is cut square in front, and with three buttons on each side, of which two are used.

The handkerchief pocket is best placed outside the left breast. The outside pocket is no longer unfashionable, although the dressy lounge still has it inside, but with a double-breasted coat the inside pocket is not so accessible, and the coat gets pulled out of shape in the process of extracting the handkerchief. Another remedy which can be adopted by the man who is in the habit of wearing stiff cuffs is to carry the handkerchief up the sleeve, but with soft cuffs this is impossible.

FARQUHAR & Co

PYJAMAS.

Finest quality CEYLON Flannelette, Latest Designs. Made and finished in Own Factory. Chest measurement required only. 3/9 & 4/6 per suit, carriage paid. Also in best Union 5/9 per suit.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Address,
407, Produce Exchange, Manchester.

GRAMOPHONE

with 20 first-class Disc Records. Machine as new, latest pattern tapered arm. Bargain. £4.

GOODEY, 24, LEGARD RD., HIGHBURY, LONDON.

2/- MONTHLY.

Gent.'s Suits, Boots; Ladies' Costumes. Skirts, Boots; Drapery; Babies' Outfits, &c., sent on payment of deposit; balance payable after receiving goods. Write for terms, stating wants, C. BISHOP, 126, WOOD ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 24, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatorem, London."

Price 5/9. Carriage Paid.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome POLISHED OAK, PLATED FITTINGS, 1½in. steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

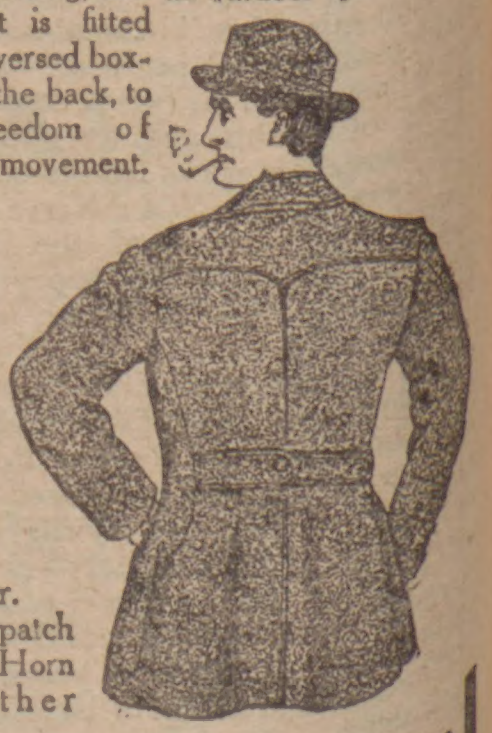
Send for Illustrated List, Free.

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

A CAPITAL

25/- SPORTING COAT

Invaluable for walking, cycling, shooting, riding, and all outdoor sports. This coat is fitted with a reversed box-pleat up the back, to allow freedom of shoulder movement. It is fitted with a belt at back with two buttons, so that it can be tightened at the desire of the wearer. Large patch pockets. Horn or leather buttons.



Materials:
HOMESPUNS, SCOTCH TWEEDS, IRISH TWEEDS.

An accurate fit is guaranteed. Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

J. & H. ELLIS, The Smart Set Tailors,
20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

Printed by The Victoria House Printing Co., Ltd., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by The United Press, Ltd., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to The Modern Man Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Sole Agents for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Dress.—Made to measure by experts. Grey flannel trousers, 14s. 6d.; white flannel trousers, 14s. 6d.; knicker breeches, 17s. 6d.—Write for patterns and state requirements, Ashworth, 41, Princess Road, Leicester.

Gentleman's tweed walking breeches, waist 46in., made at first-class tailor's for tall figure; also pair khaki; neither have been worn; 2 pairs for 25s.; cost double.—Box 1956, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's lounge and Norfolk suits, quiet colour, quality, cut, and fit essential; size 5ft. 8½in. height, 33in. waist, 38in. chest, 31in. inside leg.—Write Box 1959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Well-known genuine £2 2s. course physical culture, complete with apparatus, &c., cheap.—Box 1951, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Service revolver and holster (Wilkinson), new, cost £5, accept £2 10s.; pocket revolver, part exchange, or nearest offer; bargain.—F. Usherwood, Eggars Hill House, Aldershot.

Sportsmen! For all sports wear pneumatic soles. Finest rubber, non-slipping, adjustable, fit any shaped boot, easily fixed. Pneumatic soles, 2s. 9d.; heels, 1s. 3d.; plain soles, 2s. 3d.; heels, 1s. Sizes under fours, 1s. less; heels, 3d. less.—Earle, Bedminster Down Road, Bristol.

Owner going abroad. Sandow spring dumbbells, set of boxing gloves, 14s.; treadle fretsaw, 10s.; several suits of clothes; overcoats, new, chest 35; what offers?—Box 1948, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Pair Italian Cameos, very fine green profiles, one slightly damaged, but covered when mounted. Offers.—Box 1952, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Pure-bred liver-and-white spaniel bitch, two years three months; retrieve, good companion; worth £12; room wanted; reasonable offer accepted.—Box 1945, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pure-bred bull bitches (3), mother and pups; 3, 4, and 5 guineas.—Horder, Stover, Newton Abbot, South Devon.

POULTRY YARD.

Wanted, reliable foster-mother for 100 chicks, Hearson's Champion preferred.—Box 1958, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, incubators, Hearson's 70, Westmeria 60, Royal 30, Fox 30, good reliable workers; also 2 Hearson's 50 foster-mothers; cheap.—Box 1959, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cash wanted. Reliable 120-egg incubator, splendid hatcher, good condition, hatched 87 per cent. fertiles last time, £2.—Box 1960, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

GARDENING.

Wanted, lawn mower, Green's, Ransomes', or Shank's, 12in. roller machines preferred.—Box 1961, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, chain driven pony lawn mower, Green's preferred, 26in., in perfect condition; also lawn boots, cob size.—Box 1962, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

Road Racer, gentleman's 24in. drop frame, wood rims, 26 by 1¼, Mosely Ardwick tyres, Eadie Coaster hubs, upturned North Road bars, absolutely new, and perfect condition; cost 6gns., accept £3 15s.—Box 1963, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, two 28 by 1½ wired edge bicycle covers and inner tubes.—Box 1967, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

Sell or exchange, set small pony harness, brown pattern, breeching (new), very strong kicking-strap and tugs (new); cheap.—P. Bamford, Essendon, Hatfield, Herts.

Gentleman's pigskin hunting saddle, new, complete; cost £5, accept £3 17s. 6d., bargain.—Box 1968, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

20s. weekly easily earned selling cigars and cigarettes to friends, clubs, &c. Single boxes at wholesale prices.—Whiteley, Cigar Inn, Manchester.

Earn money at home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards Company, 54, Cornwall Road, London, S.W.

Baker's Vanman, young and good driver, desires situation. Likes hard work, and is willing to take up any driving job, if necessary apart from his trade. A Trooper in the Territorials, and anxious that his new chief will give him time to put in his drills.—Full particulars from Box 1953, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

To Secretaries of Clubs, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

EDUCATIONAL.

Harmsworth's "History of World"; accept 13s. 6d. Harmsworth's "Encyclopædia"; accept 11s. 6d. Complete and clean.—Box 1946, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Cassell's History of England," Empire Edition, 86 parts complete. Offers or exchange.—Box 1837, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

First Year's Numbers "Modern Man." Offers.—Box 1837, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Shorthand, see Sloan Duployan advt., page 19.

DEBENTURE SHARES, &c.

What cash offer for £500 Provident certificate? Over £60 paid in.—Box 1969, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

First mortgage debenture for £100 at 4½ per cent. in the Nelson Line of steamers (Liverpool) for sale; par or near.—Box 1970, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Why be bald? Carson's Natural Hair Grower positively grows hair; test and convince yourself; trial box.—E. Carson, 7A, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell Dr. Carter's Embrocation, invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes. 2s. 9d. size bottle post free, 10½d.—Send at once, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 1801, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Men handsomely sunburnt immediately (Indian bronze). Post free 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

Four valuable recipes, indispensable for home use, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 1876, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Artists Provided at Shortest Notice for Dinners, Concerts, &c.—Full particulars from L. M. Musgrove, 54, Waldemar Avenue, Fulham, S.W.

Hall-marked 9-carat gent's gold signet ring, masonic emblem, 5s.—Box 1916, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

New safety razor with blades, in case; never used; cost £1 1s.; accept 15s.—Box 1947, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d.; both quite new, never been used.—Box 1803, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£5 per week and upwards earned by advertisement writers. Opportunities for ambitious people. Prospectus post free. — (Dept. 38) Page-Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford Street, London, W.

Astrology.—Year's events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. M. M. Mercury, Llandaff, Glam.

Camp furniture; including two folding iron bedsteads, mattresses, pillows, blankets, chest of drawers, trestle table, and folding washstand; little used; 50s., or best offer.—Box 1950, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

"Matrimonial Times."—Established half century; 15,000 marriages arranged; larger than all the matrimonial agencies in the world combined; sealed envelope 5d.; with circular 9d. — Editor, N.N., 9-14, Trafalgar Buildings, London, W.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. Patronised by the Nobility.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Military Binocular, as used in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range; very clear definition; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

49S. 6D.—£10 10s. Double Draw Binocular, 12-lens magnification power, by Lumiere; most powerful glass-made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; brilliant definition, wide field; in hard English brown leather case; sacrifice, 49s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

French or German by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH OR GERMAN?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

1. Fifty Self-Tuition Lessons, sent post free to any address in the world, in weekly booklets of 16 pages each.
2. A collection of copyright practice-tables.
3. Six class lessons of one hour each, or six private lessons of twenty minutes each, orally or by post.
4. A set of Hugo's unequalled Text-Books—value of French Books, 15/-; of the German, 10/-. This set, which comprises Hugo's well-known Commercial Correspondents, Readers, Composition and Idiom Books, etc., etc., is supplied in ADDITION to the fifty booklets.

THIS COURSE IS A NOVEL, INTERESTING, AND SIMPLE METHOD. NO LEARNING BY HEART REQUIRED. FLUENCY IS INSENSIBLY AND QUICKLY ACQUIRED FROM THE PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION GIVEN.

HUGO'S COPYRIGHT PRACTICE TABLES and BOOKLETS enable Students to begin to SPEAK and WRITE FRENCH or GERMAN in simple language from the very first lesson.

Write for full Prospectus. Specimen Lesson free to all mentioning "The Modern Man" when inquiring.

HUGO'S LANGUAGE INSTITUTE. (Established 1875.)

Address for Self-Tuition inquiries: 33, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TEACHING BRANCHES for CLASSES or PRIVATE LESSONS:

33, Gracechurch Street, E.C.;
64 and 66, Oxford Street, W.;
303, High Holborn, W.C.;
205, Earl's Court Road, S.W.

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Advertisement Manager, THE MODERN MAN, *19, 21, & 23, Tudor Street, London, E.C.*
Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*